AUG 1 0 1993

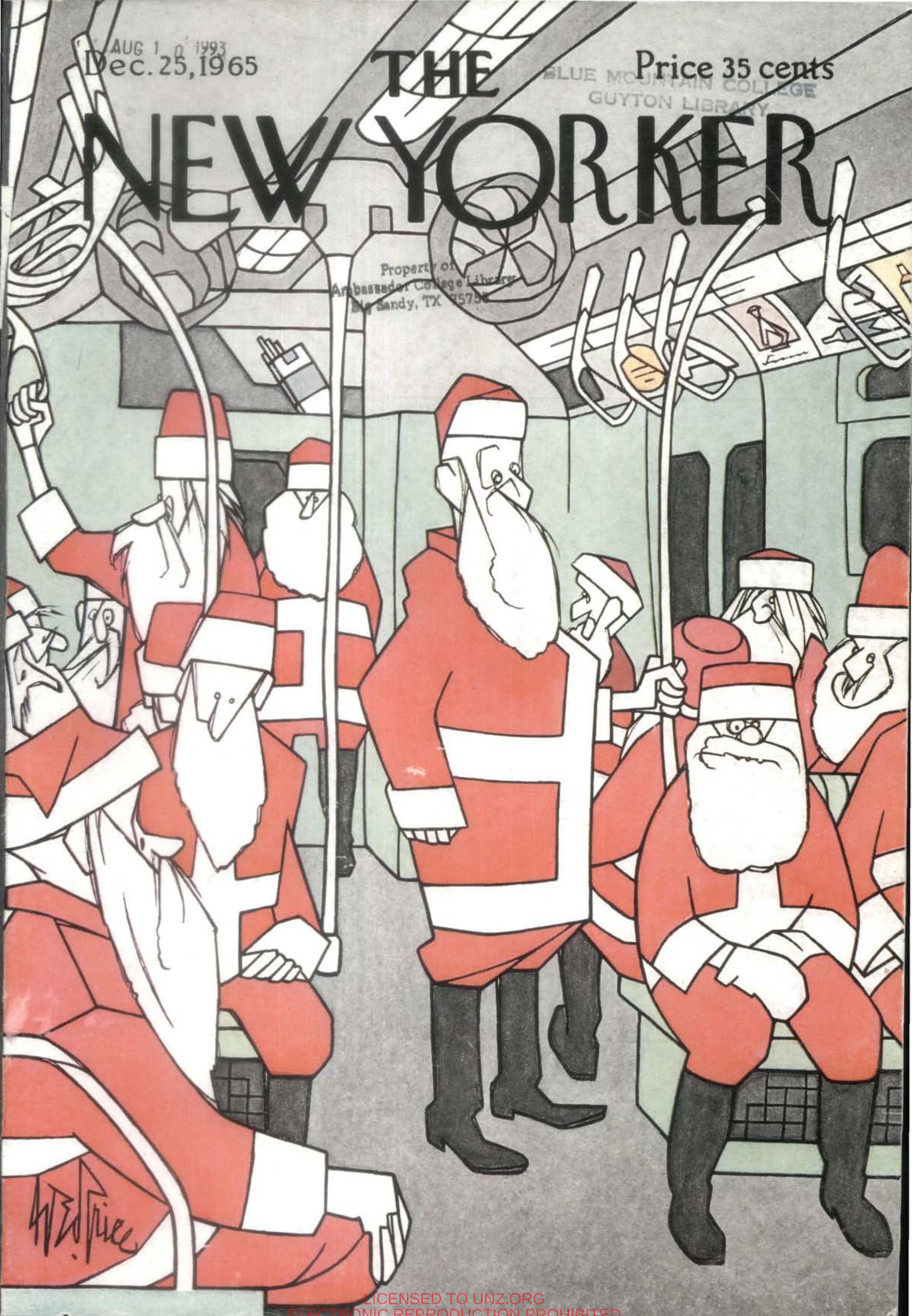
Dec. 25, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



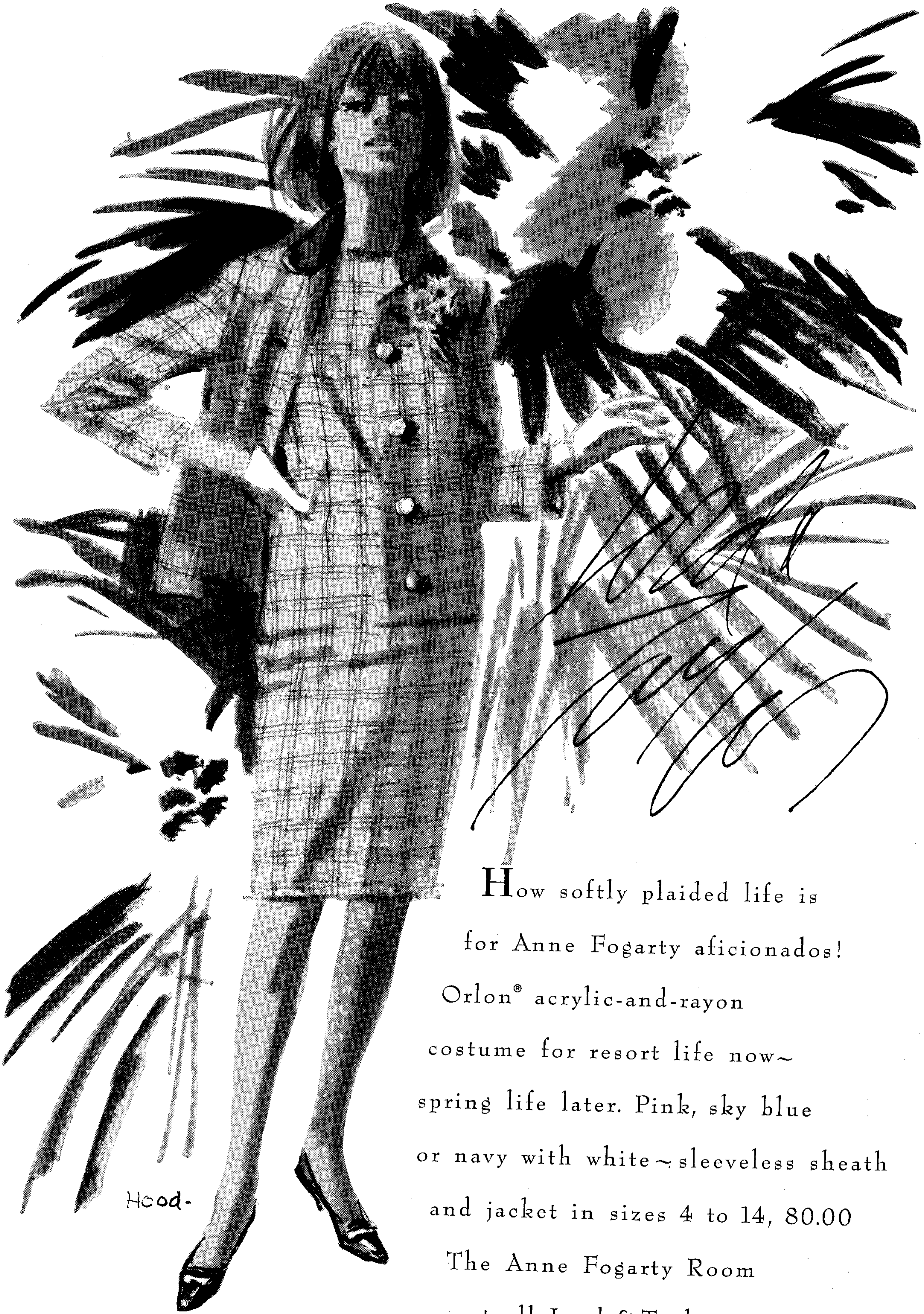
Hurry up and taste White Horse...

For 4 of the famous crystal glasses pictured here, send check or money order for $3.00 to White Horse Scotch Glasses, Dept. 4-Y, P. O. Box 170, Boston, Mass. 02101.

No 2776653
White H
Blend
Scotch W
THE WHITE HORSE CELLAR
Eftab. 1742

It's lighter than you think!

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND, BLENDED 86 PROOF. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS.



How softly plaided life is
for Anne Fogarty aficionados!
Orlon® acrylic-and-rayon
costume for resort life now—
spring life later. Pink, sky blue
or navy with white—sleeveless sheath
and jacket in sizes 4 to 14, 80.00
The Anne Fogarty Room
at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devils—Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun" in a dramatization by John Whiting that is totally lacking in significant content. Jason Robards, as a raffish cleric, is not very convincing, and Anne Bancroft is only sporadically plausible as a nun who accuses him of witchcraft. The play was directed by Michael Cacoyannis and has a setting contrived by Rouben Ter-Arutunian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's long and cheerless drama about the disintegration of an English lawyer. Nicol Williamson has the taxing central role, which involves delivering practically non-stop monologues. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Playroom—A diffuse melodrama dealing with a quintet of loathsome adolescents who kidnap a ten-year-old girl and make preparations to do her in. Sporadically interesting. Joseph Anthony directed the piece, which is often very noisy. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—Concupiscent shenanigans in high political circles in Victorian London. This play, by Michael Dyne, is old-fashioned but well made, and Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, Sarah Badel, and the other players are capable in it. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer cannot be faulted as Pizarro, and David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has superb settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik plays a *Jewish grandfather who doesn't believe in* apartheid on the loose in South Africa, and Louis Gossett plays a native who is his custodian and his pal. A rather fragile drama, which was written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon and has incidental music and lyrics by Harold Rome. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **LUV:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	62
THE CURRENT CINEMA	56
MUSICAL EVENTS	52
THE THEATRE	50

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to great advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which is excellent, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. Mimi Hines will succeed Miss Streisand on Monday, Dec. 27. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Sacagawea. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade—Peter Weiss's London play performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. Ian Richardson and Patrick Magee head the cast, directed by Peter Brook. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 26. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 27. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** A three-week holiday revival of **OKLAHOMA!**, with John Davidson, Susan Watson, Karen Morrow, Richard France, Ruth Kobart, Sammy Smith, and Jules Munshin. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 45, December 25, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

NEWEST EVENING SPARKLE: ESTÉE LAUDER'S VIENNESE OPERA—

look with a Past and a Future, adding long-ago charm and elegance to her elebrated Evening Make-Up. Basic ingredients: the transparent sheen of Evening Glow-In-The-Round, the brilliance of Gold or Silver Eye Shadow Glow, the luster of three dramatic new Evening Lipstick shades. For her finale, Estée Lauder dips into the past for Scented Coif Powder, and for jewelled beauty spots to wear on cheeks, shoulders, décolletages.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's second offering is William Wycherley's Restoration comedy THE COUNTRY WIFE. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

American Savoyards—Final performances of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24, at 8:40: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 4 and 8:40: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 26, at 4 and 8: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 28-29, at 8:40: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 8:40: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 4 and 8:40: THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 2, at 4 and 8: H.M.S. PINAFORE. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Eve—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. Special performance New Year's Eve at 11:30.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, does well by both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Eve—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 23.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Dec. 24—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 24, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Bernard Shaw Story—A one-man show arranged and acted by Bramwell Fletcher. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2:15.)

The White Devil—Eric Berry, Robert Burr, and Carrie Nye in John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama. Directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—The opening performances of a twenty-four-day engagement of "The Nutcracker" that will run through Sunday, Jan. 16. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Friday, Dec. 24, at 4:45 and 8:45; Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 26, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 28-29, at 12:15 and 5:15; Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2:15; Friday, Dec. 31, at 8:15; and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2:15 and 8:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

MISCELLANY

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement of two operas and an opera-and-ballet program that will run through Saturday, Jan. 8. Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30: "The Magic Flute.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 7:15 (première) and Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30: "Don Giovanni.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "Highlights.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: "The Magic Flute." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—On Monday, Dec. 27, the Royal Box will resume its career, again with the artful orchestra of Lee Evans to cajole the customers. There will be pauses in the middle of dinner and supper so that a new girl named solely Marlene can sing, and so that an old hand named Jack Carter can talk, talk, talk. Closed Sundays. On New Year's Eve, just one show, at midnight.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Everyone who takes the floor of the sedate restaurant wears a good-conduct medal. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cuban bandsmen execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

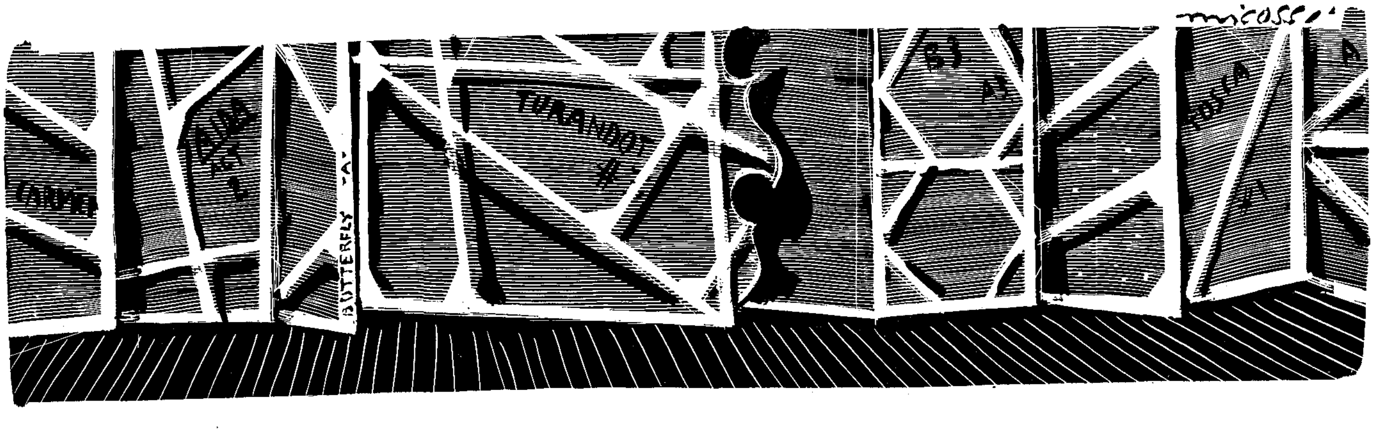
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The changing of the Guard—from the Old of Newport to the New of London—goes steadily on. This work is done to the three-four and four-four counting of two ceaseless bands; in the Champagne Room, people who prefer to sit everything out listen to a non-athletic trio. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun-and-games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Yvette Souviron, the intermission canary, has a piano of her own. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week, but Mlle. S. is absent on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Barbara McNair, who paints her ballads with lightning strokes of the voice, is enjoying herself at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—No matter how the trumpet of Jonah Jones is cozened, it goes on barking loud enough to keep the neighbors awake and dancing on the high-in-the-sky dining deck; in the cocktail lounge, it is less, but still cheerily, audible. The sound department operates from eight to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Back to the good old days of steamboating and sky's-the-limit décor, and back to the good old bands, such as Count Basie's, which—for a miracle—is playing music to dance to, not just to listen to. On Wednesday, Dec. 29, a private party occupies the premises, but on Thursday, Dec. 30, the Glenn Miller orchestra, in charge of Ray McKinley,



The Thunderbird Touch:
An overhead Safety Convenience Panel

A PRODUCT OF
Ford

1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety-Convenience Panel, mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low, or doors ajar. Other personal Thunderbird touches for 1966 include the optional AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system to give you over 70 minutes of music on an easy-to-load tape cartridge. Completely automatic! Four speakers! New, too, are: an automatic Highway Pilot speed control option; more powerful standard V-8—plus a 428 cubic inch optional V-8. And all the craftsmanship that has made this car a classic in its own time.

Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

LOOKING OVER THE BEAGLES, LITTLE RISSINGTON, ENGLAND.

***We English.**

The Scots distill **Haig**—
we jolly well drink **Haig.**
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller
is **Haig.**
(at Christmas, too.)

GIFT WRAPPED BY HAIG

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

will move in. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In memory of a syne that is old and lang, Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians will make a one-night stand in the Grill, teeing off at ten on New Year's Eve.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The library into which the Maisonette has been converted stays open hours later than any other in town, but on-with-the-dance, not browsing, is still the principal purpose. The librarians—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley is at the keyboard in Peacock Alley, which resounds with his eclectic pianism from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday, and until three on New Year's Eve. On Christmas, though, quite the other way: the quartet indulges in non-dance music from three to eight, and that's all.

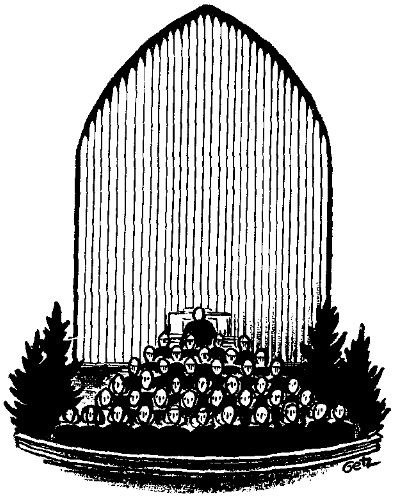
Note—At **roseland dance city,** 230 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), traffic regulations are strictly enforced (no Watusi, not even any Barnes Dance), but law-abiding citizens have the run (and fun) of a well-paved field not much smaller than Shea Stadium. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A rallying point for Tom, Dick, and Mata Hari, not to mention other interesting young ladies, all talking at once. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The symptoms of love, and the preventive measures to be taken before it reaches the terminal stage, are dealt with, wisely and wittily, by the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the dean of women singers. Sam Hamilton's piano is her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays. . . . **hugh shannon's,** on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The present whereabouts of Mr. Shannon, who has kept a long and lyric night watch in London, Paris, and Capri these many years. His solid piano and hey-nonny songs arrive in midevening and go on a long time. No dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **frey's,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain has set up his portmanteau piano in a corner of a picnic ground for the landed young gentry, their loved ones, and other town and gown characters. He runs well into the lobster shift. No piano Sundays. . . . **mike malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Youth calling unto youth, but from table to table, not on the phone, and in a manner that is certainly well bred. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who operates from seven-thirty until a very small hour, even on Sunday. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No overwhelming rush disturbs this residential quarter of Florence, but musicians steadily ply their trade, and they are augmented every so often by a tenor and a soprano intent on one of those set pieces by Puccini or other local characters. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Rumpus-room life. Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. Closed Christmas. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. Closes at ten Christmas Eve, and stays closed Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is now that grand old seigneur Tibor Rakossy. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he must be in the prompter's box when his waiter happily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella*, into Scarpia or Rodolfo. Closed Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7023): Doubts about the Second Avenue jungle are justifiable, but they do not apply to this piano bar and grill, in which, except on Sundays, Charles De Forest, at the keyboard, unlooses with fine fervor a flock of well-educated ballads. Ten until three is his customary stint.

Note—The discothèque, a night-blooming phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and often populated by citizenry of a certain seniority. The appointments are sybaritic, and so is the menu; the music—seven-thirty to three or four during the week, Sundays until one—is insistent and glittery, since it is all freshly squeezed out of a tube. Dinner and supper. . . . **arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Caged lions, some of them social, roaring along the dance floor at a pace that chills the enthusiasm of all but the hardiest participants. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): An undergraduate gymnasium. The hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. . . . **downtown,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name. The campus of this nondenominational university is only utilitarian, but the athletic program (nine-thirty to three or four, except Mondays) is superb, and the *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers (by Linda Benter in particular) are original and amusing. The music, partly storage battery and partly real, happens, too, at Saturday and Sunday one-to-six matinées. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Steve Iles plays complicated and crescendo piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Eve. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. The guitar, which goes on intermittently from dinner until after the theatre, is likewise conscious of both the new and the old. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Opulence, thy name is Spain. The guitar of José Luis Franco whiles away the dinner and supper hours every evening but Sunday. Closed Christmas. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas Eve. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the squadron

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

of peregrinating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until about two is his speed. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a dulcet dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. On New Year's Eve, dance music begins at nine-thirty and lasts until three. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous, the piano (George Rudolph) is laudably venturesome. The music is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays. On New Year's Eve, Mr. Rudolph expands into a small dance band, which works from ten until two. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Almost the smallest bar in town, and one of the neatest of the lot. Gustavo Lopez, his guitar, and the décor are cool, correct Iberian. The music goes from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays. No dining.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing"—this simple, informative title covers a number of things: a vast extravaganza, a corps de ballet, apache dancers, acrobats, and two or three dozen bouncy young ladies; in fact, it covers everything but the young ladies' beautiful backs. Roberta Sherwood, the fastest gun in the West, is the breakneck but good-natured leading lady and soprano; Betty Jo Alvies is a tigress in no noticeable state of captivity. On Tuesday, Dec. 28, Mickey Rooney, everlasting boy wonder, takes over from Mme. Sherwood. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Al Martino, whose recordings cannot be distinguished from hot cakes, is the hero; the band belongs to Fred Waring, Jr.; the humor comes from Godfrey Cambridge. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, is—like all his other diatribes—sharp as serpents' teeth, swift as swallows. The sharpest of the teeth is Elizabeth Wilson, and the sweetest of the swallows is Lee Beery, girl caroller; Liz Sheridan, Rex Robbins, John Keatts, and Bill Hinnant fill out a cast of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles is putting his flamencan stamps of approval on the floor of the back room, and a threesome, Los Panchos, is declaiming pop tunes in a whole bunch of tongues; i.e., Latins at the work they love best. The performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Cole Porter, the only sociologist who ever combined rhyme and reason, is memorialized in a small revue (words and music by C. P.) inhabited by Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan. A great deal of what goes on in this, the second edition, did not go on in the first edition. It is done at eight-thirty every night but Monday, as well as at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the new revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg, Betty Alberlin, and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The threesome of Mose Allison, whose piano has the power of persuasion, holds forth, and so does the quartet of Charles Lloyd. Mr. Allison often sings at his work—easy, understressed blues. The two groups are on hand in the evening, and on Sunday they perform from five-thirty until late at night. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Swingle Singers, one of the great French inventions of our time, show in full cry why they are *dernier cri*; Herbie Mann and his septet show plenty of Caribbean influences. Special events, too: Sunday, Dec. 26, at three, a Swingle matinée; Monday, Dec. 27, from nine to four, a jazz benefit, for which Thelonious Monk, Clark Terry, Joe Williams, Sonny Rollins, Jimmy Rushing, Bobby Brookmeyer, Jim Hall, Al Cohn, and Zoot Sims have given their promises. And on New Year's Eve, there'll be dancing as well, after ten-thirty. The standard dance evenings (the sound is tinned) are Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion, one flight above all this underground life, is open from five to two every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino*, in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses and the one most likely to amuse. The chanting is done by a new crew, the Wigggs of 1666, a quartet of baroque-and-roll singers, and by the Womenfolk, who care a lot about folk music. The Uncalled-For 3 are the humorists. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every sound is fraught, though what the quintet of Cannonball Adderley is fraught with is mostly noise. The Adderleys will be succeeded on Tuesday, Dec. 28, by the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, Jimmy Rushing, a perfect sphere from which a jaunty voice protrudes, will be added to the cast. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The sound and fury of Charlie Mingus, who has extensive holdings of both commodities. He and his Jazz Workshop are on hand every night but Monday, when another band is in charge. Dancing, too, on New Year's Eve. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Shoot the works, but never the Professor at the piano. The nights of yore are recalled in toto by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones, and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Zutty Singleton is the springboard; the other operatives are Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Herman Autrey. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and such) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. The Dixieland by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day.*)

GALLERIES

JACK BEAL—Paintings, mainly still-lifes and interiors; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—An exhibition consisting of a single large painting and related drawings and watercolors that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Drawings and watercolors; through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Expressionistic paintings; through Jan. 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL FEELEY—Painted wood sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

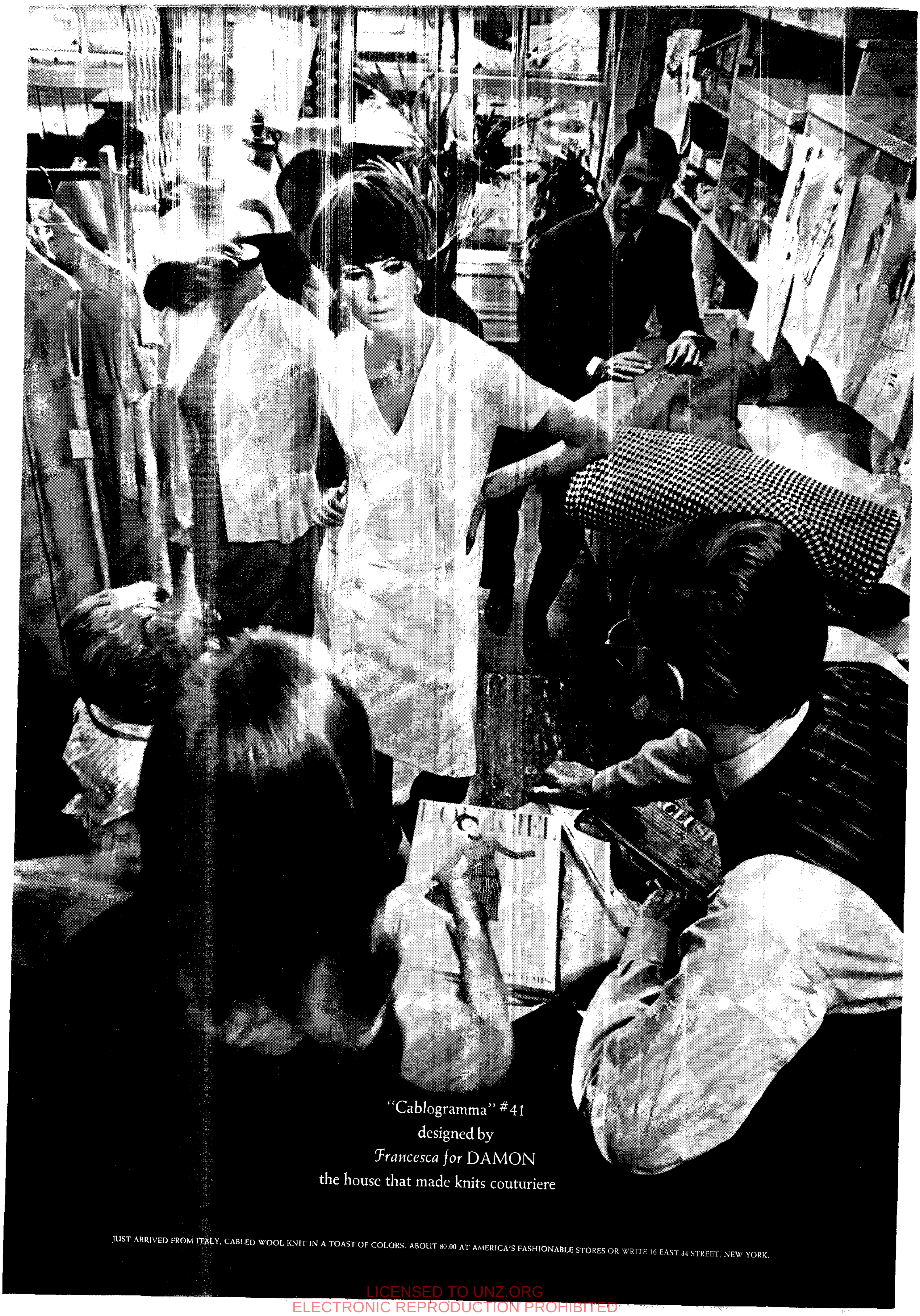
WILLIAM P. KATZ—Bronze and stone sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 24. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

WILLIAM KING—A retrospective of figure sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

TASUHIDE KOBASHI—Sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

HARRY KRAMER—Kinetic sculptures by a German-born Paris artist; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

LEONID—New paintings, including landscapes and signs of the zodiac, and drawings;



"Cablogramma" #41
designed by
Francesca for DAMON
the house that made knits couturiere

JUST ARRIVED FROM ITALY, CABLED WOOL KNIT IN A TOAST OF COLORS. ABOUT 80.00 AT AMERICA'S FASHIONABLE STORES OR WRITE 16 EAST 34 STREET, NEW YORK.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Friday, Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Erle Loran—Abstractions; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Bronze reliefs for the Door of St. Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Grandma Moses—Forty previously unexhibited paintings; through Jan. 8. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Paintings of upper New York State; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ludwig Sander—Abstractions; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Bernard Schultze—Objects called "Migofs," by a contemporary German artist; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Tucker—Sculptures by a young British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Animals in Pre-Columbian Art—An exhibition of wild, domestic, and divine animals (in stone, pottery, textile, jade, and gold) from 1000 B.C. to 1500 A.D.; through Jan. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **amel**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Drawings by Dalia Ramanauskas, together with paintings and sculptures by other members of the gallery, among them Cal Streeter, John Goodyear, and Sidney Butchkes; through Jan. 8. . . . **bianchini**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Allan Kaprow, Roy Lichtenstein, George Segal, and seven other artists who are or have been members of the faculty or students at Rutgers; through Jan. 12. . . . **bridge**, 61 W. 56th St.: Small works (paintings and sculptures) by John Chamberlain, John Heliker, Jane Wilson, and others; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Pop and Op," a show of paintings and sculptures by the leading exponents of the two movements, including Marisol, Warhol, and Albers; through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such artists as Kenneth Evett, Leon Goldin, and Karl Schrag; through Jan. 8. . . . **lewison**, 35 E. 64th St.: A Christmas show of canvases by Albert Bierstadt, Edward Henry Potthast, Theodore Robinson, and others; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **phoenix**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A Christmas exhibition of paintings and graphics by Robert Ludwig, Alice Forman, Gerald Willen, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **rehn**, 36 E. 61st St.: Oils and watercolors by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and Reginald Marsh; through Thursday, Dec. 30. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Joseph Stella, August Mosca, and Marsden Hartley; through Jan. 8. . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Three California painters—Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, and David Park; through Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **terrain**, 39 Grove St.: Prints by (for instance) Anuszkiewicz, Oldenburg, and Dine; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6; Friday and Saturday evenings, 9 to 11.) . . . **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of decoys and other American folk arts from the Stony Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Selections for Museum Acquisition," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Sam Francis, Paul Jenkins, Frederick Kiesler, and others; through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **shuster**, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St.: A holiday show of paintings, sculptures, and other works (both religious and festive) by Livingston Welch, Waldemar Otto, and Helen Shotwell, to mention three; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Robert Goodnough, Lee Gatch, and Emile Gilioli are three of the participants in a painting and sculpture show called "Cubism in Contemporary Art;" through Friday, Dec. 31.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth are three of the artists represented in "The English Eye," a survey of English paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphic works by Picasso, Dubuffet, Laurens, Matisse, and Miró; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Afro, Max Beckmann, and Jan Cox; through Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

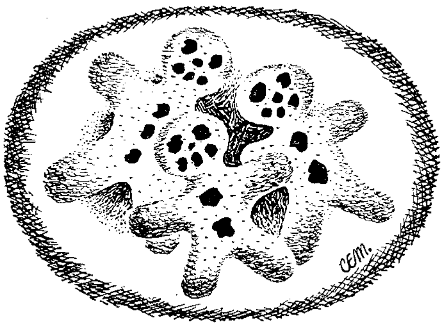
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling loan exhibition of paintings, miniatures, drawings, and engravings by the Colonial portraitist John Singleton Copley (1738-1815); through Jan. 2. (Except on Mondays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ "Early American Cities," a showing of aquatints of cities along the Eastern seacoast and rivers by early-nineteenth-century landscapists, from the collection of Harry W. Havemeyer; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection, ranging from two 1906 Picassos to a 1954 Braque; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A small showing of objects designed by Arp, Ernst, and Picasso, and made in glass in the factories at Murano, Italy; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "Word and Image," an exhibition of paintings by contemporary Americans (including Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, and Robert Motherwell) in which the written word or symbol is a significant element; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Jan. 30. (Daily, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Domenico Puligo's "La Sacra Famiglia" (circa 1520) on loan for the Christmas season from the Borghese Gallery, in Rome; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Sunday, Dec. 26. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A *memorial exhibition of* paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Graphics, drawings, and paintings (by, among others, David Siqueiros and Marcel Duchamp) from the Josephine and Phillip A. Bruno collection; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 7; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Dali showing at the Knoedler Art Galleries, 14 E. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Motion" sculptures, drawings, and architectural projects by Nicolas Schöffer and Jean Tinguely; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dürer and His Time," a loan exhibition of drawings from the State Museum of West Berlin; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24-25, and New Year's Day.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Victorian Christmas," a family Christmas scene of the eighteen-seventies, complete with Victorian furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments and toys, and manikins dressed in costumes of the period; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of the Decoy," a display of bird carvings made as wildfowl decoys, and "The Art of the Carousel," a display of early American carousel figure carvings; both through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

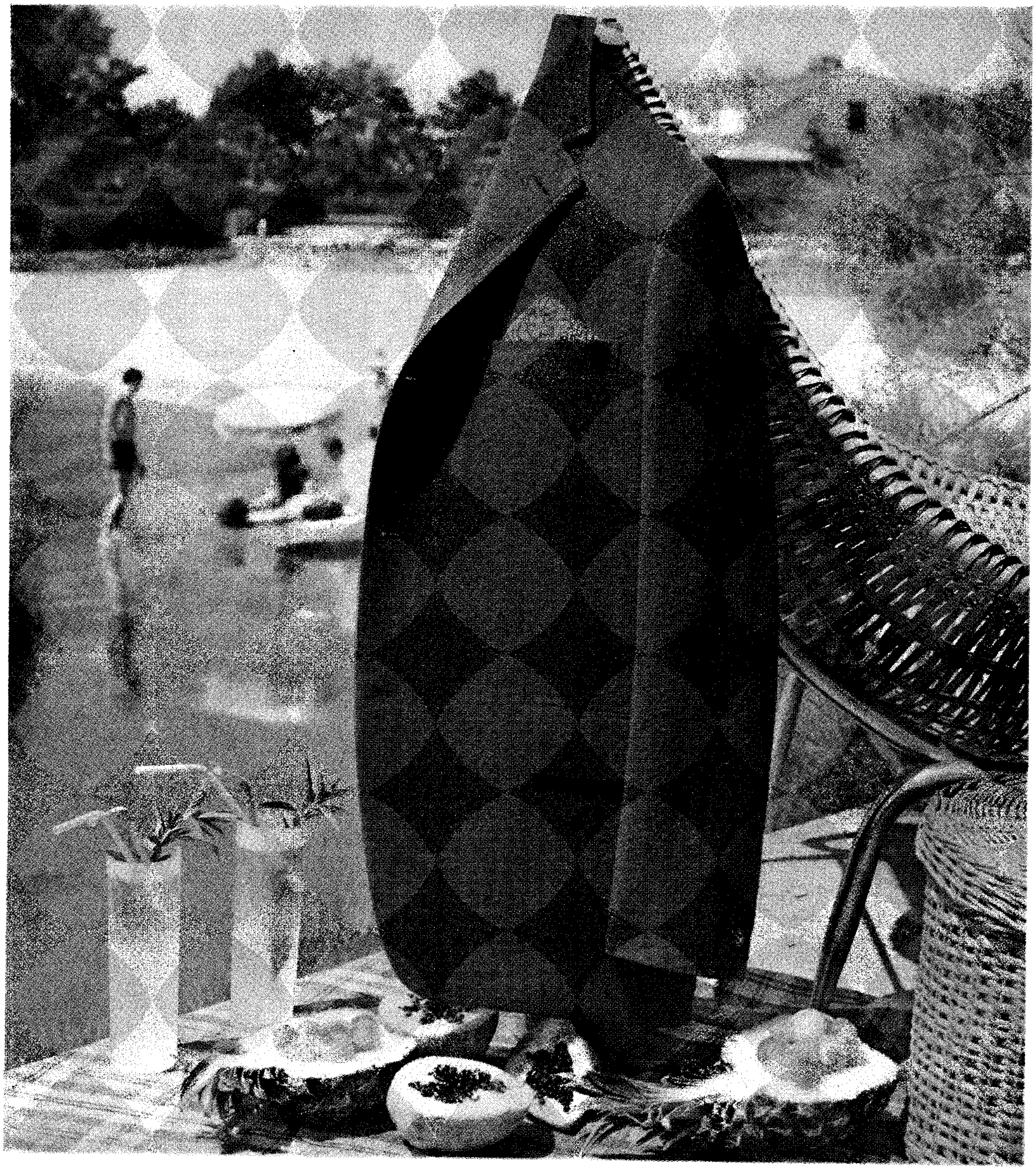
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty American Indian artists, sixteen to twenty-three years old, representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 24, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Cyril Ritchard,



Highland Silk...
New Tropical Refresher From Scotland

Expressly for Gordon-Ford . . . Scotch crofters loom coolness into silk. The weave is an airy homespun; the silken color-tonings more subtle. Like all Gordon-Ford clothes, the cut of this Highland Silk jacket is unobtrusive; it focuses the attention on the wearer rather than the maker. In blue, maize, green, red or natural. At L. S. Ayres (The Briar Shop), Indianapolis, Ind.; The Last Resort, Millburn, N.J.; Bunce Bros., Cleveland, Ohio; William Richard, Houston, Texas; Robin Hood's Barn, Hobe Sound, Florida; For Him Ltd., St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

GORDON-FORD
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

G.H. MUMM & C°
BRUT

MUMM'S THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry • The classic champagnes of France

G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Gabriel Bacquier, Fernando Corena, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Joann Grillo, Blanche Thebom, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Robert Goodloe, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Diaz, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, and John Robert Dunlap.

Metropolitan Opera National Company—A one-week season by the Met's touring company. Monday, Dec. 27, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," in Italian. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Carmen," in English. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," in Italian. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30: Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: Rossini's "Cinderella," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Carmen," in French. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, with William Steinberg conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30, with Erica Morini, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2:15; and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30, all with Alicia De Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 3, at 7:30, with Miss Morini.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Sibelius program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a Haydn-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano, and Justino Díaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Duke Ellington's Orchestra—Duke Ellington conducting a program of sacred music, with Lena Horne, the dancer Bunny Briggs, and three choirs. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 26, at 8 and at midnight. Noted as a reminder only; all seats have been sold.)

Hermann Scherchen—Directing the New York Chamber Orchestra in Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Patti Thompson and Mary Munroe, sopranos; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Robert White, tenor; William Wolff, bass; and the Singing City Chorale of Philadelphia. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 26-27, at 8.)

Handel Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in the last two in a series of programs presenting the twelve concerti grossi of Handel's Opus No. 6. With Felix Galimir and the conductor, violin; Charles McCracken, cello; and Robert Conant, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 27, and Thursday, Dec. 30, both at 8:30.)

Korean Orphan Choir—Chai Hoon Park directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

The Play of Herod and **The Play of Daniel**—The first in a series of twelve performances of two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of fifty includes singers, actors, and players on medieval instruments. "The Play of Herod": Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 28-30, at 3 (primarily for children) and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Play of Daniel": Saturday, Jan. 1, at 3 (primarily for children) and 8:30. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-0900.)

RECITALS

David and Igor Oistrakh—Violin, in the second of two performances of an all-Bach program, with Rafael Puyana, harpsichord, and a chamber orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

Judy Collins—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8:40.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the **AMERICAN SAVOYARDS:** "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 25. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sunday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, Jan. 1. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** "The Mikado," Monday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Tuesday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Wednesday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ "The Pied Piper," Thursday, Dec. 30. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Afternoons at 1:30 and 4.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Opening children's performances of a two-week engagement. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 11; Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 30, at 11; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 4. . . . ¶ "Nutcracker Suite Ballet," Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2; Friday, Dec. 31, at 11; and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Stage Shows—By **EXPLORE, INC.:** "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 1 and 3; Sundays at 1; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 27-28, and Friday, Dec. 31, at 3.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Sunday through Saturday, Dec. 26-Jan. 1, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **HEIGHTS PLAYERS:** "Once Upon a Mattress." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Dec. 28; Thursday, Dec. 30; and Saturday, Jan. 1, all at 2:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays, and also Monday through Friday, Dec. 27-31, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Sunday through Friday, Dec. 26-31, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Sunday, Dec. 26, at 1; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 27-28, at 1 and 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 1; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Aladdin." (Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24, and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 28-31, at 11:15.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Sundays at 1:30 and 3; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 27-28, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31, at 11, 1:15, and 2:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 1.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Maidman Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 524-2465. Sunday, Dec. 26, at 1:30 and 3, and Monday through Friday, Dec. 27-31, at 1:15 and 2:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Cinderella," Monday, Dec. 27, at 3. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 3. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Friday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Christmas and the Star;" through Jan. 3. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, Dec. 23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Christmas at 1, 2:30, and 4; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 27, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 28-29, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thursday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

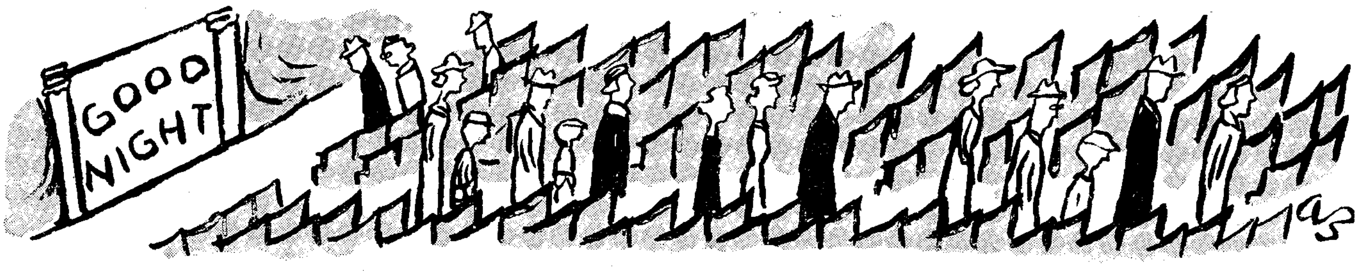
Movies—At the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY:** "Bear Country" and "Water Birds," both Walt Disney nature films, Monday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ "The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue; and "Little Blue and Little Yellow," an animated short, Tuesday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ "The Secrets of Life," a Walt Disney nature film, Thursday, Dec. 30. (Central Park W. at 79th St. Afternoons at 2. Admission is free.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:** "Miracle on 34th Street," with John Payne and Maureen O'Hara. (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 1:30. Admission is free.) . . . **TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET THEATRE:** "When Comedy Was King," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, and such. A benefit performance. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 10.) . . . **ART THEATRE:** "Misty," with David Ladd and Arthur O'Connell; and "Beaver Valley," a Walt Disney nature film. A benefit performance. (36 E. 8th St. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 10. For tickets, call TR 7-9050.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every weekday, starting on Friday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Friday through Sunday, Dec. 24-26, and New Year's Day.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A funny and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 28.)

The Great Race—A vehicle for vehicles, the latter of the Edwardian period and ably manned by Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk. Funny at the beginning; then you had better go quietly. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 28.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Well directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Leather Boys—An immaculately executed study of a pair of post-adolescent newlyweds. Shot in and about London and starring Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton. Sidney J. Furie was the director. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Life at the Top—Money isn't everything, at least not in Yorkshire. A stern, able English film, with Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24, at 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 25-26, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 27-29, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 28.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—Seventy-eight years of a truly exemplary life, covered in astonishing detail and with a good narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The 10th Victim—A very funny Italian movie about the twenty-first century, when murder has become a form of useful play. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, and directed with zest by Elio Petri. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

Atget (1963)—An eleven-minute short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 24.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 25-27.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 24.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 25-29.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 28.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Dec. 23.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 28.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Dec. 26.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 27.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 25-27.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 24.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Dec. 24.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 24.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical soundtrack. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 25-29.)

The Secret Passion (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston, and starring Montgomery Clift. Formerly called "Freud." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 29.)

Secrets of Women (1961)—A comic appraisal of the horrors and rewards of married life, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 23.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 28.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 26.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 29.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 29.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 26.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directed a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 29.)

Zulu (1964)—The combatants are the English and the Zulu, the place is Natal, and the time 1879. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 28.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." Through Dec. 24: "Crime and Punishment" (1935), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ Dec. 26-29: "The Shanghai Gesture" (1941), with Gene Tierney and Walter Huston. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and—except Dec. 24—at 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Through Dec. 26: "In Caliente" (1935), with Dolores Del Rio and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 28: "Footlight Parade" (1933), with James Cagney. (Showings Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Both Museums will be closed Christmas.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Doctor Zhivago," Omar Sharif. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-29, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Spy Who Came in from the Cold," Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
"Thunderball," Sean Connery.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-29, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-29, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24-25, at 1 and 4:45; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 2:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 27-29, at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE KNACK.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE KNACK.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 28: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
From Dec. 29: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Thunderball," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Dec. 27: "Kwaidan" (in Japanese).
From Dec. 28: "How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Marie Laforêt.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Spy Who Came in from the Cold," Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Thunderball," Sean Connery.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Dec. 25: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Dec. 26: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Dec. 23: "The Americanization of Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Dec. 24: "Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 28: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Dec. 29 (tentative): "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay; and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE KNACK.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE GREAT RACE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Dec. 23: "Harum Scarum," Elvis Presley; and "Ghidrah, the Three-Headed Monster."
From Dec. 24: "Do Not Disturb," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 24: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and **ATGET**, revival.
Dec. 25-29: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Dec. 24: **ONE, TWO, THREE**, revival; and "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney.
Dec. 25-28: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "The Big Carnival," revival, Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling.
From Dec. 29: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
THE GREAT RACE.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"An Evening with Batman and Robin," four and a half hours of it, no less.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Dec. 23: **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 24: "Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 23: "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar; and "The Glory Guys," Tom Tryon, Harve Presnell.
Dec. 24-28: "Harum Scarum," Elvis Presley; and "Ghidrah, the Three-Headed Monster."
From Dec. 29: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bride-Napping" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
LIFE AT THE TOP.

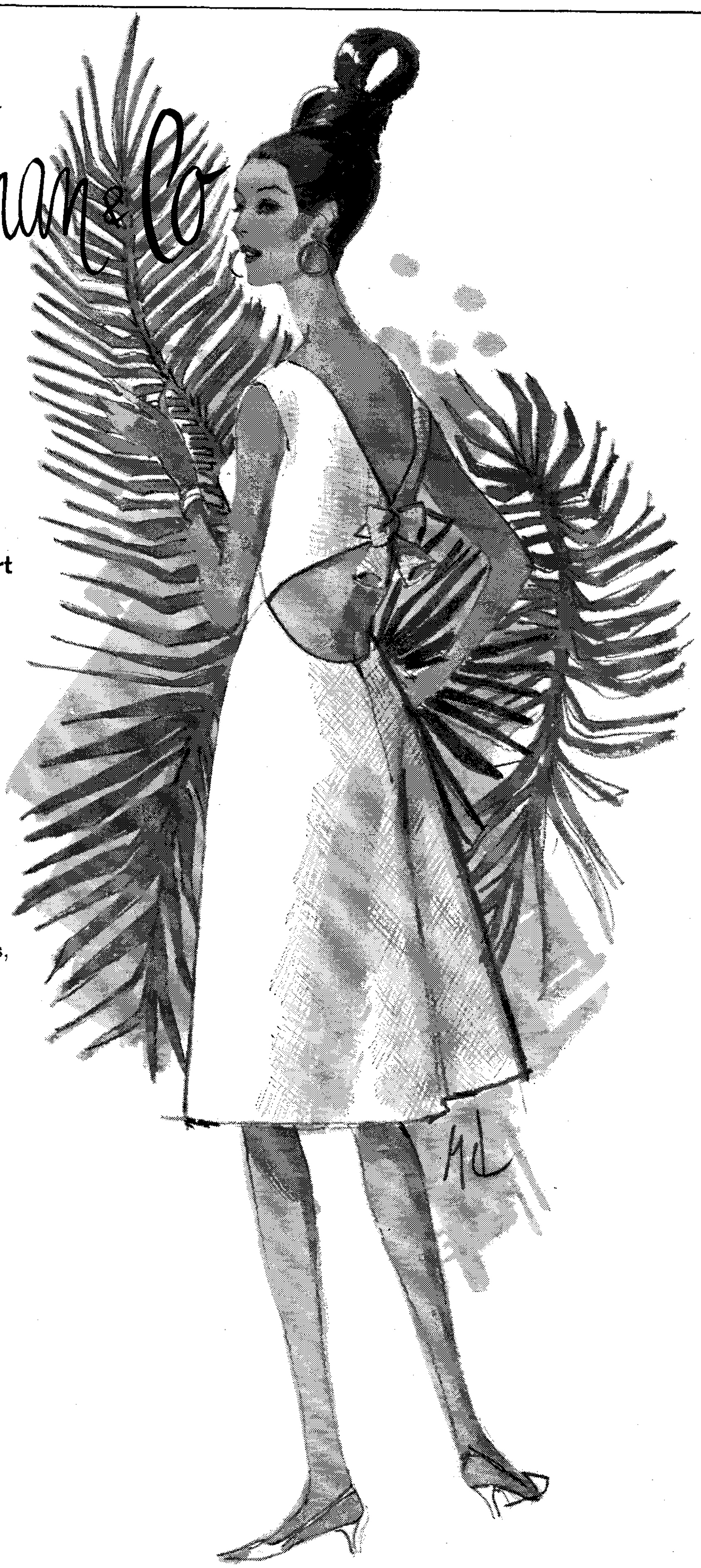
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 24: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and "Alice Adams," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray.
Dec. 25-27: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
Dec. 28: **ZULU**, revival; and "Forty Guns," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan.
Dec. 29: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Break of Hearts," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 28: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
From Dec. 29: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 23: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Monika" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
Dec. 24: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
Dec. 25: "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Dec. 26: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Dec. 27: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
Dec. 28: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
Dec. 29: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** and **WINTER LIGHT** (both in Swedish and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE KNACK.

HOT DISHES
EVERAGES



B Altman & Co

The compliments start behind your back!

This lovely little linen is made to win you applause. Take it South and see. Mauve, pink *or* pale blue . . . 6 to 14. Third floor misses' dresses, Fifth Avenue, (212) MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa.

55.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

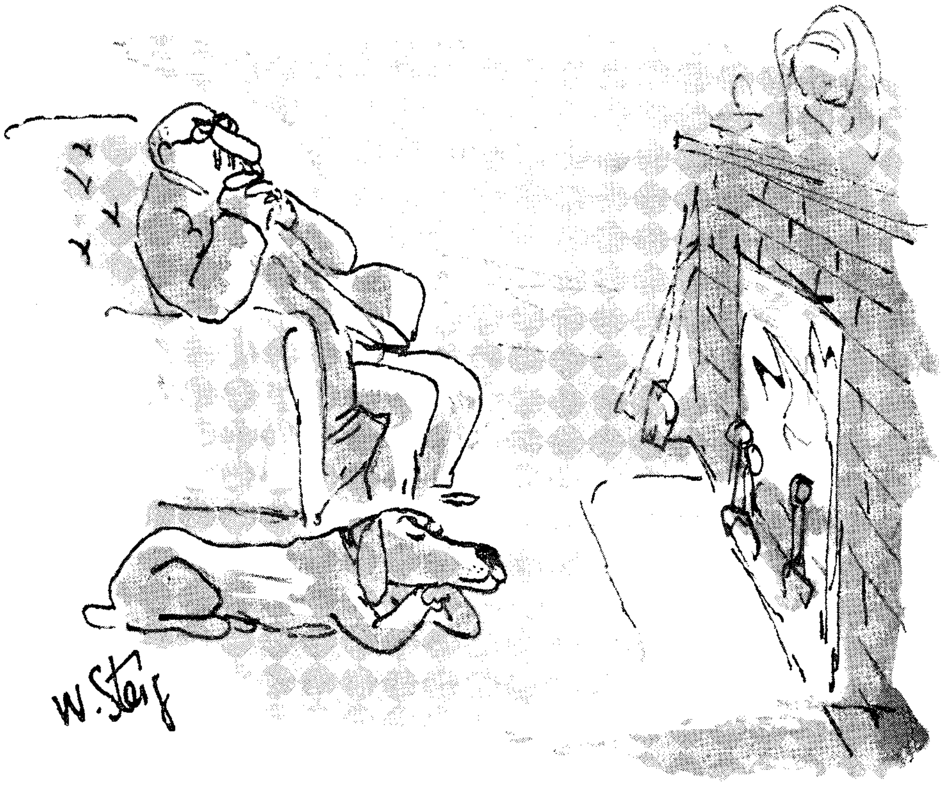
THE first face-to-face encounter this department had with Somerset Maugham took place twenty-one and a half years ago, when we had lunch with him soon after his seventieth birthday in the dining room of the old Ritz, as authentic, as splendid, and—we were soon to discover—as mortal an institution as he was. Maugham was then living in this country, in a cottage at the edge of a marsh on the South Carolina estate of Nelson Doubleday. It was wartime, of course. He had last seen the Villa Mauresque, his home at Cap Ferrat, in June, 1940, having left it on a few hours' notice with one small suitcase, a blanket, three days' rations, and "The Trial and Death of Socrates," "Henry Esmond," and "Villette"—books that, he told us, were all that had got him through a voyage during which he was jammed into a collier with five hundred other refugees, three of whom went insane in the three weeks before the ship reached Liverpool. His French villa, sitting high and white on a cliff above the Mediterranean, was, he pointed out, "the perfect target," and he was resigned to never seeing it again. "It was a fine house," he said sadly. "I was prepared to spend the rest of my life there and to die there in the painted bedstead in my bedroom, overlooking the sea. One must be prepared to shut up shop, you know. After all, I'm getting to be a very old party, damn it to hell." In later years, we occasionally saw Maugham again, the *grand seigneur* restored to his villa, which had survived, after all. His manner was usually urbane, waspish, wry—all the adjectives that set the tone of last week's obituaries. It was also, on occasion, warmhearted and generous. We once heard him deplore with great heat the standards of a civilization that would decline to reward with financial peace of mind an American literary critic—"the most brilliant man you have, you know" were the words Maugham used to describe him—although the critic in the course of his writing had described Maugham as a second-rate hack. What was most memorable about a Maugham conversation, however, was not what he said but his fight to be able to say it, punctuated, as it was, by the appalling stammer that afflicted him all his life but that most of the obituaries made only brief reference to. Each time when, for an agonizing interval, he struggled, with contorted face, to get out some simple word, the elegant, detached hedonist of his later years seemed to vanish and one saw again the inconsiderable young person, vulnerable and mocked at, in "Of Human Bondage"—the young man whom, even forty years after he first appeared in print, Maugham found himself unable to read about without breaking into tears. It made us happy to learn that the very old party died this week as he had wanted to—in his painted bedstead, overlooking the sea.

Mayor Wagner

ONE day early this month—the last month of Robert F. Wagner's twelve years in the mayor's office—we arranged to spend a day with him. He asked us to meet him at Gracie Mansion on Wednesday, December 8th, at nine-thirty in the morning. The Wagners have moved out of The Mansion, as it is called, but their official police bodyguards—Vincent Torti, Bernie Bitterman, and Bill Wichart—and their telephone-answerers still stand the night watch there. The Mayor told us he expected that it would be, for him, an ordinary day. As we drove to Gracie Mansion, that elegant old farmhouse on the East River, we wondered if the Mayor's ordinary day would include a speech. We hoped so. The Mayor has had to speak often (in October, the final month of a campaign in which he was not a candidate for any political office, he was scheduled to speak nineteen times, and escaped, finally, by contracting the flu), and we've admired the way he did it. We've enjoyed his courtesy, his judiciousness, his candor, his matter-of-fact niceness; and we've become fond of his measured cadences. Mr. Wagner delivers his speeches and his impromptu statements slowly and carefully, and with great restraint. The slowness and carefulness reflect an early exposure to instruction in elocution; he once told us that he had been required to commit to memory "Spartacus to the Gladiators," a long, noisy poem that begins, "Ye call me Chief, and ye do well to call me Chief," and he proceeded to prove that it was still with him by reciting great chunks of it. He can also do the "Seven Ages of Man" soliloquy from "As You Like It." His restraint in his public speaking reflects, we think, a lack of interest in image-making and a deliberate attempt to remove fuss from politics. Many of the Mayor's best speeches have been written for him, in part, by his executive assistant, Julius C. C. Edelstein, whom the Mayor inherited from Governor Lehman. Sometimes Mr. Edelstein, who also holds the title of Coördinator of Executive Program and Policy Planning, and who often has as many as four hours of sleep a night, has had help from the Mayor's elder son, Robert F. Wagner, Jr. When Mr. Edelstein was drafting the statement in which the Mayor announced that he would not run for a

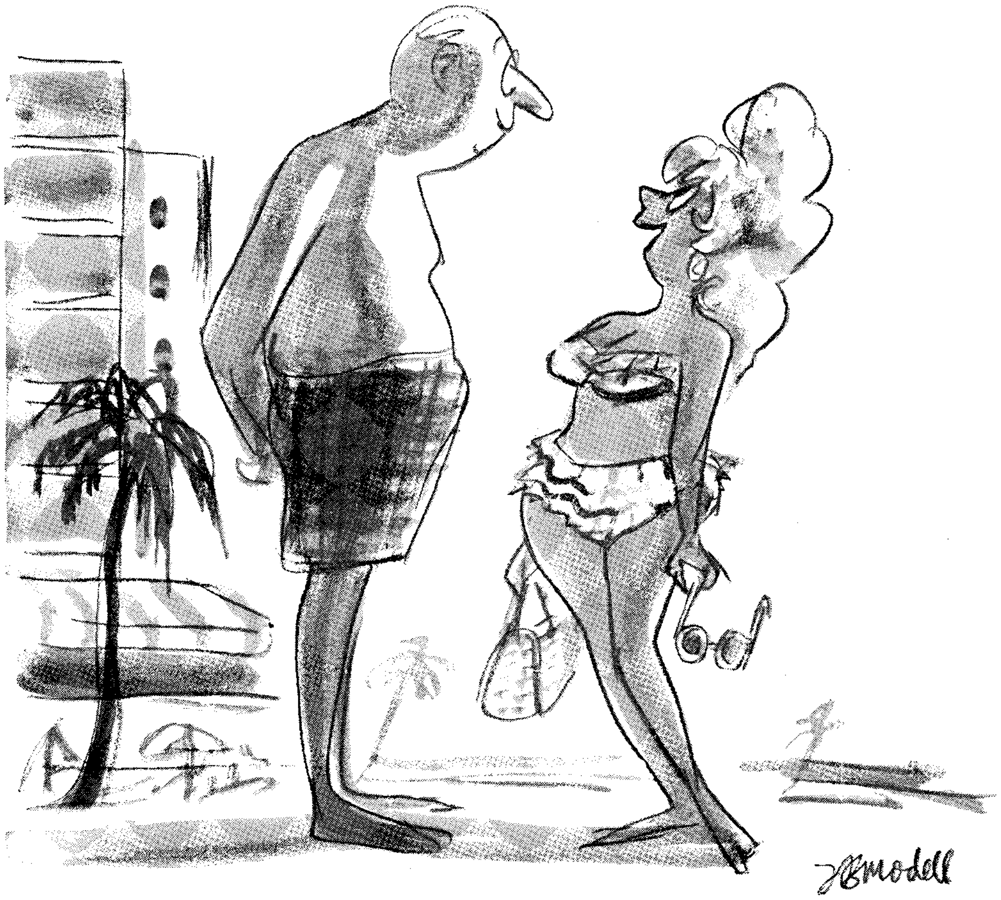
fourth term, the younger Mr. Wagner had a hand in the editing, and, according to Mr. Edelstein, "sharpened up the one point I thought was really important: The Mayor is really tired of being Mayor, as he should be after twelve years." Our favorite speech by the Mayor was the one he gave last August in the Sheep Meadow of Central Park during the intermission of the first free outdoor concert by the New York Philharmonic. It lasted somewhere near three minutes. Mr. Wagner had had a good deal to do with making sure that this series of concerts took place—at his instigation, the city had contributed a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars toward the construction of the portable band shell that housed the orchestra (this was half again as much as the New York Philharmonic Society and the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company, the venture's two other angels, put up between them)—and now he was addressing some seventy thousand people, a considerably bigger crowd than most statesmen who are not Chinese ever see. Three minutes is more than enough time to blow one's own horn—"Siegfried's" French-horn motif is over in less than one minute—but the only time the Mayor mentioned himself was when he said, "You have come to hear Wagner the musician, not Wagner the Mayor." Instead, he talked briefly about Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer, the wonderful woman who kept the summer concerts at Lewisohn Stadium going for about fifty years, and he concluded by dedicating the new band shell to her.

As we reached the gates of The Mansion, we suddenly remembered what we consider Mr. Wagner's best story about the house. Many of the Mayor's good stories—he tells them at the end of the day, when he can relax—are triggered by buildings. He will pass a school and say that that was where he delivered his first speech after getting out of Yale, and another building will remind him of his father, the Senator, and of the late Hymie Shorenstein, Register of Deeds of Kings County, a man who couldn't read but who liked to sit in his city Cadillac looking at the paper; once, the Senator caught him holding it upside down. The story about Gracie Mansion is about the time when Duncan, Mr. Wagner's younger son, mistook Governor Averell Harriman for a butler. It was at the Mayor's second inauguration, and an extra butler from the caterer's had failed to show up, thereby causing a bit of a flap. Governor Harriman was one of the guests, and the only one in white tie and tails. "The Governor was in his best handshaking phase and mood that night," the Mayor recalls. "First, he went around the room several times, shaking hands with each and every guest. Then he decided he would go out into the kitchen and give the people working out there a chance to shake hands with the Governor of New York State. Duncan was there eating, as he often is, and the Governor shook his hand and said, 'Hello, Duncan.' Duncan said, 'Hello,' but he started eating again as soon as he had his hand back. 'Do you know who I am?' asked the Governor. 'Sure, you must be the new butler,' Duncan said." The Governor nevertheless stayed for the swearing-in.



Inside Gracie Mansion that morning of the eighth, we were met by Mr. Torti, a handsome, well-knit, and well-dressed man, who has been the Mayor's principal bodyguard for ten years. During the Second World War, Mr. Torti was General Patton's interpreter, and he also captured five German generals and one Italian admiral, although he doesn't like to say so. We told Mr. Torti that the Mayor had promised us an ordinary day, and he said, "*I'd* call it a soft day." He proceeded to outline the Mayor's schedule for us. What the Mayor had to do, we gathered, was meet with Mrs. Eleanor Clark French, the city's Commissioner to the United Nations; consult with the board of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital; and confer with a group from the Hillcrest Center for Children. And light a Hanukkah candle; present a scroll to the president of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., who had lent the company's two blimps to the city to help fight the water shortage (they flew about with hortatory messages on their sides); and attend a luncheon, at The Four Seasons, of the Mayor's Committee on Scholastic Achievement, a group he set up some years ago to help bright high-school students who deserve to win scholarships but haven't won any. And pose for a publicity picture for a charity dance, hand out checks to disabled Sanitation men (in the new contract recently awarded them by the Mayor the city agreed to put into a disability fund a sum amounting to a hundred and fifty times the number of men on the force—there are over ten thousand—every year), and receive the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Award for Services to New Americans from the directors of *Aufbau*, a German-language New York weekly. *And* try to persuade Michael Quill to postpone his threat of a subway strike from December 15th to January 1st. "Before the Mayor announced that he wasn't going to run for a fourth term, we used to go to maybe four dinners, six receptions, and three luncheons in a day," Mr. Torti said, in a resigned tone.

As it turned out, the Mayor never did get to see Mrs. French or pose for that picture, and Mr. Russell DeYoung, the president of Goodyear, had to receive his scroll just outside the Mayor's office in City Hall. This was because the Mayor spent most of the morning in talks with the Transit Authority, the Transport Workers



"Goodness, you're not by chance Mr. Smith of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, are you?"

• •

Union, and the Amalgamated Transit Union, a smaller union composed mainly of bus drivers in Queens and on Staten Island. Mr. Wagner was also an hour and a half late to lunch.

We were lucky enough to get an occasional chat with the Mayor in his car as he rushed from one engagement to another. (The mayoral limousine is a four-year-old black Cadillac, provided by the city; it has run two hundred thousand miles. The next week, it broke down on Sixth Avenue as the Mayor was trying to get out to South Jamaica, in Queens, for the dedication of a training center for jobless youths named for his late wife, Susan E. Wagner, and when it did, the Mayor said he would bequeath it to the Mayor-elect.) Mr. Wagner arrived at The Mansion at ten, with Mr. Joseph O'Grady, the chairman of the Transit Authority, in tow. Mr. O'Grady is a short, gray-haired man who will sometimes smile at one of Mike Quill's jokes before he remembers that his face is supposed to be registering shock and outrage. The Mayor was wearing a brown hat and a gray tweed topcoat; under the coat he had on a blue pin-striped suit, a white oxford shirt, and a blue silk tie with narrow red and white stripes; and on his feet he had blue socks and black loafers. He has often worn this outfit; it has saved him the trouble of choosing a different one every day.

On the trip downtown, the Mayor took Mr. O'Grady with him in his car, and we followed in Mr. O'Grady's car. Mr. Wagner says his car is the only place he ever gets any privacy, or a chance to think, or a few moments to talk to anybody. From where we sat, we could see him sitting quietly in the right-hand corner of the back seat of his car, listening to Mr. O'Grady, who was leaning over from the left-hand corner and talking hard. The Mayor is often a back-seat driver, but Mr. O'Grady, apparently, was a powerful distraction. At City Hall, the Mayor bounced out of his car and raced up the stairs. This is a trick he acquired in self-defense; it has kept him from being stopped by everyone hanging around outside his office. Recently, it has not been politicos who have been lounging in the halls—the Mayor has effectively discouraged the presence of all but the most insistent lapel-grabbers and sleeve-clutchers (to whom he never says "No" but either "I'll look into it" or "I'll have somebody call you")—but, rather, reporters from radio and television stations. That day, just inside the door, the Mayor ran up against a line of men with microphones, and he was obliged to spend a few minutes telling them no, he didn't know what Mr. Quill had in mind, because he hadn't seen Mr. Quill yet.

Once Mr. Wagner had got into his office—a small room in the northwest corner of City Hall—he stayed there for the rest of the morning. First, he posed for photographers with Mr. Quill, who was already there, and with Mr. O'Grady.

"Shake hands with the Mayor, Mike!" shouted one of the photographers.

"Smile, Mr. Mayor," said another.

The Mayor smiled and reached for Mr. Quill's hand, saying, "Welcome to City Hall, Mike." This got a general laugh.

After that, the Mayor shooed everybody out and started conferring. We spent the time talking with Mrs. Bernice McCray, the Mayor's private secretary, in her office, next door to the Mayor's, and with Miss Mary Quinane, her assistant; Mr. Morris Tarshis, the Mayor's chief labor mediator; Mr. Paul Bragdon, his executive secretary; Mrs. Mary Nicholas, executive assistant to the Coördinator of Housing and Development; and Dr. John Connorton, Deputy Mayor and City Administrator—all of whom were standing on call in a corridor outside the Mayor's door and swapping Mike Quill stories. (The corridor and Mrs. McCray's office have red rugs, similar to one in the Mayor's office, and a good way of telling whether a man has been with, or near, the Mayor is to see if he has red cuffs on his trousers.)

Mrs. McCray, a pretty woman, told us that one of her main problems just then was an extraordinary number of letters, from people all over the country, telling the Mayor how sorry the writers were he was leaving office. One, she said, had even come from Sweden. She fished around for it, and showed it to us. The writer said that he was a young man who did not know much English but that he had always admired the Mayor. There was also a letter from the Mayor's old violin teacher, who said that he was pleased that Mr. Wagner had scaled the political heights, and that it was probably a very good thing he had never pursued a musical career. Mrs. McCray said, "Jack Lutsky—he's the Mayor's legal aide, and has been here since Mayor LaGuardia's time—was telling me just the other day that LaGuardia used to spend part of his morning reading all his mail. Two years ago, Mrs. Ruth Farbman, one of the Mayor's special assistants, got the city to install a machine just to process the letters the Mayor gets, and today looking after the mail occupies not only a large part of her time and of the machine's time but also a large part of the time of Mrs. Priscilla Kaufman, who is another one of his secretaries. If the Mayor tried to read all his own mail every morning, he wouldn't even have time to get dressed."

Mr. Tarshis explained to us the process of negotiating a settlement in a labor dispute. Mr. Tarshis is a large man with a large smile and a face of the shape that used to be compared to a full moon. He was standing by a door to the Mayor's office that had a window in it. The window was curtained, but the curtain didn't cover the bottom inch of the window, and Mr. Tarshis could peek in and see how things were going. He called the curtain "the arras."

"I don't know if you know how much time the Mayor spends in labor negotiations," Mr. Tarshis began.

We said we didn't.

"Well, it's a lot," said Mr. Tarshis. "He has to get involved in some of the disputes with city employees, of course—and he's done very well by them, by the way. An executive order of his, which we call the Little Wagner Act, guarantees them the right of collective bargaining, and that was the first time anyone had ever thought of giving workers for any city a say in their pay. But there are a lot of strikes that he doesn't *have* to get involved in but thinks he *ought* to get involved in, like the newspaper strikes and the milk strikes. What he's doing now is meeting separately with each side. This makes them feel good—they're talking to the Mayor of the City of New York—but they also know that nobody like me can possibly garble anything they may say, so they let their hair down. At press conferences, you know, the T.A. is talking for the edification of Mike Quill, and Mike is giving a little elementary instruction to the Authority, but now they're only talking for the benefit of the Mayor. Later on, the Mayor will call me in and tell me what's been decided."

At this point, the Mayor opened his door. He had a pair of glasses on, pulled down low on his nose, and he was peering over the top of them. He called out "Mike!" and closed the door again. Mr. Tarshis went off to find Mr. Quill. When he had ushered Mr. Quill into the office, he said, "You'd be surprised how remarkably effective the Mayor is at these meetings. He has infinite patience—can outsit every one of the negotiators—and he never tries to impose any conditions on them. Of course, everyone realizes that these meetings are just an accepted convention, a device, like a conference between opposing counsel and the judge at the bench, but it's a convention that works, just like the conferences at the bench."

At noon, the Mayor took a break for the Hanukkah ceremony. A Menorah had been set up in the rotunda of City Hall, just in front of the two splendid curved staircases that lead to the second floor. The Menorah was illuminated by several large television floodlights, and Mr. Wagner stood behind it quietly while a young rabbi lighted the candles. The flames of the candles could barely be seen. Then a man with a microphone asked the rabbi what Hanukkah was all about, and, when the rabbi had explained, asked the Mayor if he had any comments on Hanukkah. The Mayor said he thought the rabbi had put it very beautifully. He also told the newsman he wasn't sure if he was going to get any lunch, because he was still in the middle of his transit talks.

After the Mayor had gone back to bargaining, we went back to talking with Mr. Tarshis. Mr. Torti joined us.

We asked Mr. Torti if he thought the Mayor would get any lunch.

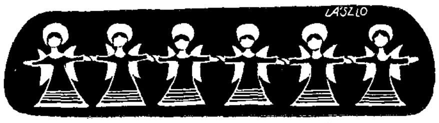
Mr. Torti said, "They say to me, 'How do you keep so slim in this job?' We don't eat."

"I hope you understand that we don't usually go to The Four Seasons for lunch," said Mr. Tarshis. "We usually eat in the Orange Room."

We asked where the Orange Room was.

"At Nedick's," said Mr. Tarshis, grinning.

The Mayor did get to his lunch, at last, and we went along. For the first few minutes of the drive uptown, he didn't speak, because he was looking over the remarks that he was expected to deliver. ("Remarks" is a banquet-circuit word that means anything from a few words of greeting to a speech lasting three-quarters of an hour but is to be distinguished from an "address," which is a full-sized speech and is likely to be covered in the papers.) Then he began talking about the morning's negotiations. "These are the best-publicized labor negotiations in history," the Mayor said. "I enjoy them. Mike enjoys them, too. The international officials of the Amalgamated are here this morning, and they told me they've never seen such carryings on. But I enjoy it. And we'll work something out. I enjoy Mike, too. He gets a kick out of these negotiations. Look." The Mayor took an envelope out of his jacket pocket. "Here's something Mike gave me just now to take home to my wife, Barbara. He said no one believed he'd just come back from Jackass Flats, Nevada."



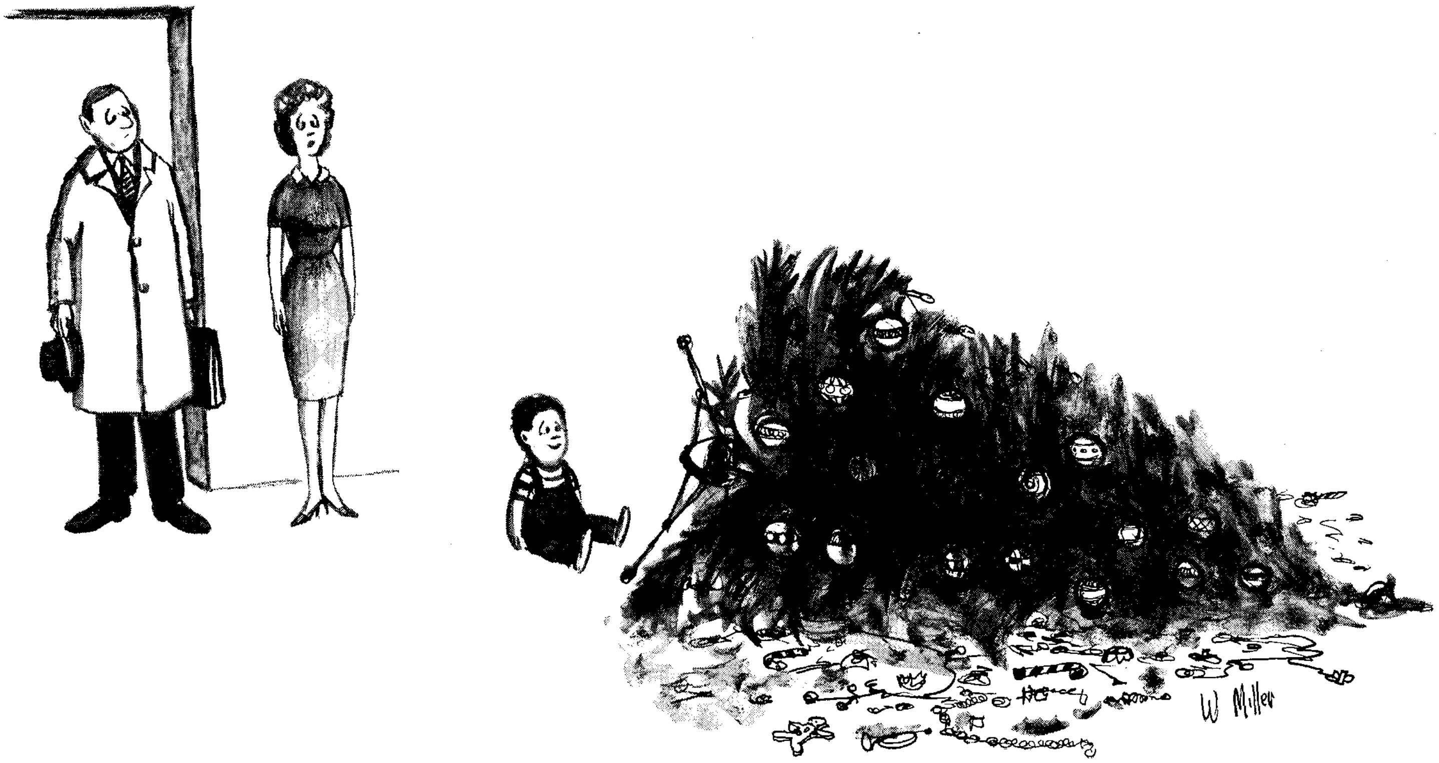
We looked at the envelope, and, sure enough, it had stamped on it, in purple ink, "Jackass Flats, Nev."

"I also respect Mike," said the Mayor. "He's a tough negotiator but an honorable one, and I know I can count on him to keep his word once a bargain has been struck, and fulfill his contract. I started to deal with him back in November, 1953, when I was still Mayor-elect. My predecessor, Mayor Impellitteri, decided he didn't want to have anything much to do with the transit negotiations that year, and, after all, it would be my problem very shortly, so I had to get to work right away, and not wait for the first of the year."

We said that we were glad to hear the Mayor speak well of Mr. Quill but that many people, we knew, didn't share his views.

"Yes," said Mr. Wagner. "Like the newspaper editorialists." He chuckled. "Now they're shouting at me, 'Fight him to the end, Mr. Mayor! Don't give an inch!' And they're the boys who backed down and settled just a couple of weeks ago, so that they could *avoid* a strike. I remember, in 1959, when a strike was threatened, the *Times* wrote an editorial saying, in effect, 'Mr. Mayor, you must invoke the Condon-Wadlin Act.' Well, I called them up and said, 'Don't you ever even read the statutes? If you did, you'd find out that the Condon-Wadlin Act doesn't apply until *after* the men have gone out on strike.' That's just silly. Mike's boys aren't making ten dollars an hour, you know. Some of their demands are pretty reasonable, and we'll just have to try to come up with the money. Of course, we can't meet them all the way."

The Mayor chuckled again. "Did I ever tell you my favorite story about Mike Quill?" he asked. "It was back in '59. Mike at that time had Arthur Goldberg as his special counsel, and we were meeting, up at The Mansion, on the afternoon of December 31st, the day before the strike deadline—I just hope Mayor Lindsay has enough energy for all those inaugural parties after he's spent a New Year's Eve with Mike—and everyone was there: the commissioners from the T.A., and Ted



"He said his first word today—'Timber!'"

• •

Kheel, my mediator, and Mike and his boys. We're sitting there talking, and we all decide that this time Mike would just have to take a strike. He just couldn't get down off that mountain. So I decided that we should break up that meeting, have some dinner, and all go down to City Hall, where the seats are a little more uncomfortable. We all filed out onto the porch, past my wife, Susan, who was standing at the door. Mike wanted to wash up before leaving, and he was the last one out. As he passed Susan, she said to him, 'Mr. Quill, you're not going to call a strike, are you?'" The Mayor paused for effect, then continued, "He winked at her and said, 'Of course not, Mrs. Wagner.'" The Mayor paused again. "Well, she was the only one in the city who knew it," he said. "We all went down to City Hall, and sat up until five the next morning, and, of course, we finally settled it. At five-thirty, I called Susan up, and I said, 'There isn't going to be any strike!' And she said, 'I could have told you that.'" Another pause. "After that, I made a rule: *I'm* always the last one out of the house."

Just before we got to The Four Seasons, the Mayor said, "You know, Mike didn't want to take this lunch break. He said he was afraid his boys would go out and get half a load on." The Mayor paused again, this time not for effect, apparently, but just because he was thinking about something. Then he said, "I sometimes get the feeling that no one else could handle these darned labor negotiations. That's silly. But it sure takes a long time to get to know all these people, and to learn how to get on with them."

At the lunch, the Mayor was greeted with a standing ovation. It turned out that Mrs. Lillian Poses, the chairman of the event, was already well into her speech. (It sounded to us like "remarks" but may have been an "address.") She paused during the ovation, and at its conclusion the Mayor said, "I apologize for being late, as I usually have to."

Mrs. Poses, a vivacious and attractive woman, said, "We're going to give you several awards, Mr. Mayor, but first I want to talk about you to you. You're not running for anything, so I can say this. When we honor you, we're honoring the city that elected you. You're the man under whose aegis education has gone a long way, and you've never turned a deaf ear—even though you *have* a deaf ear—on any problem that had anything to do with the good of the city."

The Mayor thanked her, and said, "Right now, I'm counting the days until January 1st. I think there are twenty-three of them. And they're going to be twenty-three interesting ones, I'm sure."

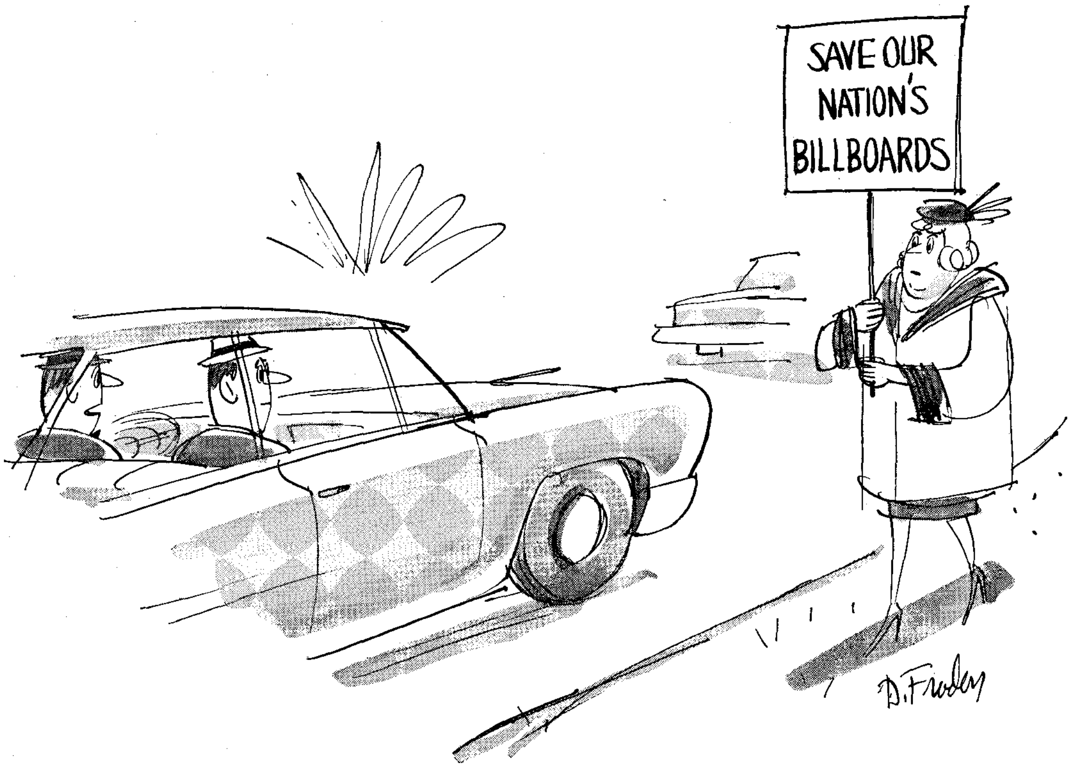
Everyone laughed, and the Mayor was able to eat his lunch—a steak sandwich, a dry vermouth on the rocks, and a cup of black coffee. Then he stood up. "Well, back to Mike," he said, to no one in particular.

THERE was one question we didn't get a chance to ask the Mayor: "What do you think your most important single achievement has been?" We weren't sure it was a question he would want to answer, but it was one we had hoped to ask anyway. In the past twelve years, the city has built over seventy thousand apartment units. (We are choosing a few statistics at random.) The Board of Education has put up two hundred new school buildings and one junior college. The city has reduced the annual number of deaths from carbon-monoxide poisoning from gas appliances to almost zero. It has eliminated by law the cold-water flat. It has raised the daily child-care allowance for children in private agencies from two dollars and eighty-five cents to fifteen dollars. Which of all these facts would bring a gleam to the Mayor's eye, we wondered, and we were glad when, a few days later, we turned on a television set and found Gabe Pressman asking the Mayor our question. The Mayor thought briefly, and then said that he hoped he had left the city and his own family a legacy. "A legacy," said the Mayor, "of decency in government and integrity in life, both public and private."

TELL ME CLEAR, PARACHUTIST DEAR, ARE YOU MAN OR MOUSE?

"WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie," sang Robert Burns, dipping his pen into triple-distilled schmalz to apostrophize a mouse, "O, what a panic's in thy breastie!" That the little creatures are capable of inducing similar and immoderate panic in someone else's breastie is, of course, a commonplace, but until quite recently nobody seems to have had the imagination to use them as deliberate instruments of terror. The first inkling I had of their conversion was in a dispatch to the *Times* from Britain about a year ago. "Rita Houlton, a clerk, was alone in a small shop in the London suburbs," it said. "Two young men entered, one carrying a paper bag. Without a word, the youth placed the bag on the counter and opened it. Out scampered four white mice. Out of the store scampered Rita, in shrieking flight from the mice. The youths then stepped out a side door, got into the shop's delivery truck, and drove away." Soon afterward, another blitz involving rodents, this time political, occurred in the Iberian Peninsula. During a concert in Madrid by a group of singers and dancers from Havana, according to the *Times* of London, a group of Cuban exiles created an uproar by shouting abuse at the performers, hurling stink bombs, and showering the audience with leaflets. "The release in the stalls of mice—and some claim there were a few rats," the correspondent noted with relish, "added to the confusion as women screamed and shrieked." It took an equally volatile but more enterprising race, the Italians, however, to perfect the weapon. *This Week in Rome*, a bulletin of convenient information for tourists, reported that Luigi Squarzina, author of a play called "Romagnola," had filed suit against a clutch of neo-Fascist hoodlums for attempting to sabotage its première. Two other disturbances from the same source made news, continued the item, "one particularly on account of the fact that mice were let down on parachutes from the balcony into the stalls."

The selection of mice staunch enough to become paratroopers, their indoctrination, and the commando training requisite for such warfare are too complex for anyone less than Hanson W. Baldwin to explicate. Notwithstanding, one aspect of the subject cries out—all right, whimpers—for elucidation. The artisan who confects these minuscule parachutes—what manner of chap is he? What specialized problems and stresses confront him? Rather than indulge in windy hypotheses, let's slip into something brief and gossamer-sheer, like a playlet, and see if we can't gain an insight into his temperament and associates. Settle down, please—curtain's up.



"Like they say,
there's two sides to every question."

SCENE: *A workroom on the fifth floor of a tenement in the Trastevere quarter of Rome. In the weak light filtering through the windows at rear, nearly opaque with dust and accumulated spider webs, two small figures are dimly visible, seated cross-legged on a bench. They are apparently occupied in some form of invisible weaving, for each squints through a magnifying lens as he plies a needle, threaded with filaments imperceptible to the naked eye, through minute scallops of nylon. Baldassare Volante, the elder of the pair and boss of the firm, is a wizened Tom Thumb who, poised on tiptoe, would measure a scant forty-eight inches. Scarcely a head taller is Beppo, his apprentice, a robust cockerel in his twenties, with unruly blond curls and a dimple sufficiently like Kirk Douglas's to flutter any feminine heart.*

VOLANTE (*tossing a finished parachute onto a pile*): *Basta!* There—that's thirty-five, and, with your fifteen, the Twentieth Century-Fox order is complete. Yes, sirree, Beppo—a few more commissions from minority stockholders bent on disrupting their annual meeting and we'll be on Via Agiata (Easy Street).

BEPPO: With respect to that, Signor Volante, and with all due respect to yourself, may I respectfully speak what is in my heart?

VOLANTE: Respect, respect—take the polenta out of your mouth! What are you trying to say, man?

BEPPO: Just that my conscience impels me to warn you, *padrone*. Our business is in mortal peril.

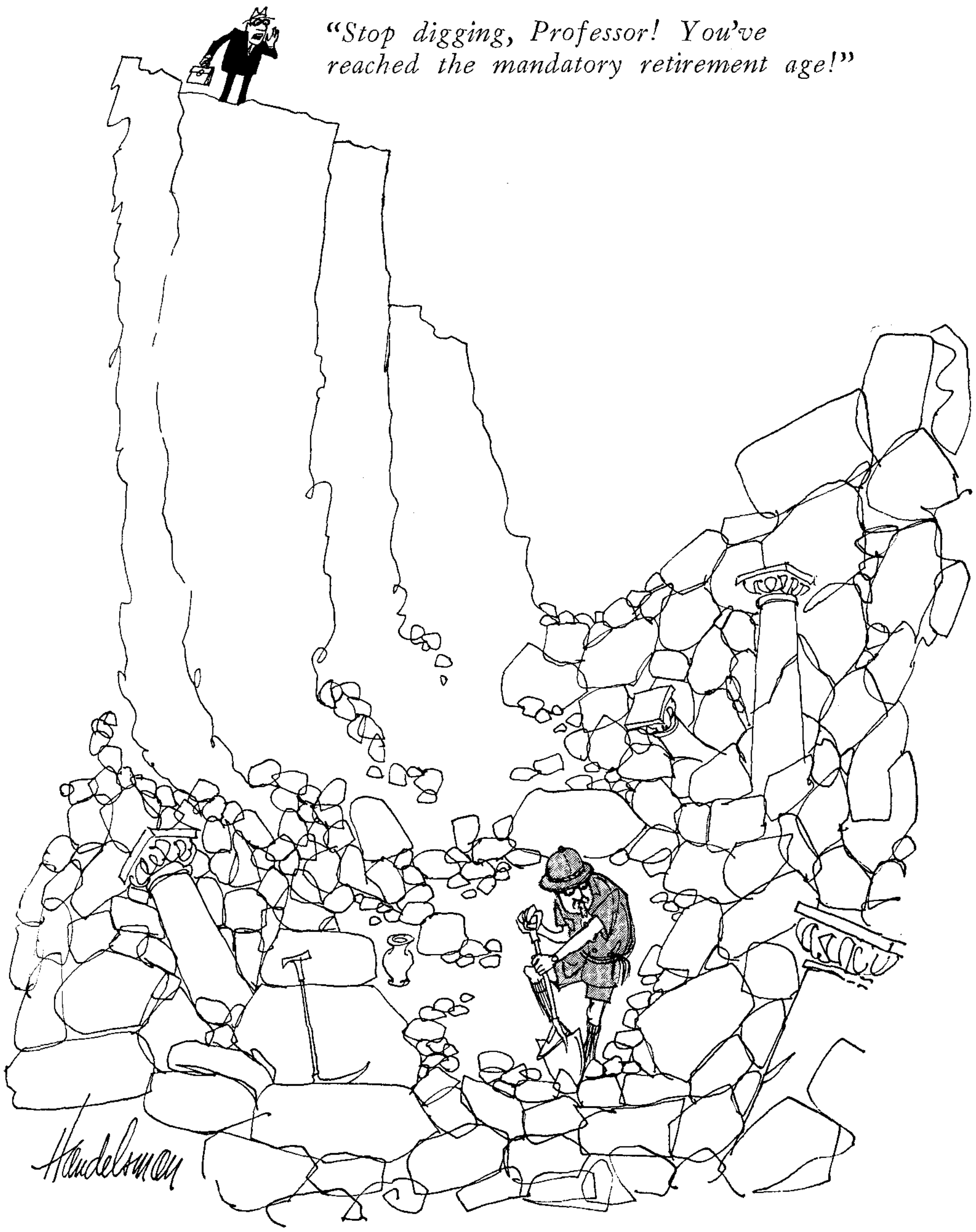
VOLANTE (*agitatedly*): You've overheard some rumors . . . some gossip . . .

BEPPO: No, no—

VOLANTE (*seizing him by the throat*): Somebody's betrayed us to the police, to the Ministry of Sanitation! Who was it? Spit it out, you dog!

BEPPO: Sir, I entreat you on my sainted mother's virtue—your fears are groundless—

VOLANTE: It's Serafina, that old hag of a *portiera* downstairs. She offered me her body eighteen years ago, and I recoiled in contempt. Now she's brought an information against me.



"Stop digging, Professor! You've reached the mandatory retirement age!"

• •

Beppo: But you forget, *commendatore*—there's nothing illegal about our product. We furnish little parachutes to anyone who needs them.

Volante: Why, that's right, come to think of it. We're a service organization, aren't we?

Beppo: Nothing more. And are we responsible if they're used to create disorder? When some elderly virgin, unhinged by jealousy, hurls a phial of acid at a voluptuous nude by Titian, is the apothecary who sold it to blame?

Volante: Of course not. A brilliant analogy, Beppo. I never realized you had a poetic gift.

Beppo: Coming from one in whose veins there flows the blood of Dante Alighieri, that is praise indeed, *eminenza.* I thank you humbly.

Volante: Yes, you'll go far in this business, my boy. But tell me—what, then, is the danger you speak of?

Beppo: Overspecialization, sir. We must branch out, I beseech you. In the hurly-burly of modern combat (*nel chiasso del combattimento moderno*), the airborne warrior requires a modicum of equipment to survive, be he man or quadruped.

Volante: Now, don't start that stuff again. We're not tooled up to produce little jump suits and shockproof watches.

Beppo (*pleading*): But a pair of boots at the very least, sir, if only for the psychological effect. It vitiates all the menace to drop from the sky with four naked feet.

Volante (*shortly*): If naked feet were good enough for Icarus, they're good enough for a mouse. Let's have no more schmoos.

Beppo: I defer to your vastly superior judgment, Excellency. I spoke as youth is wont to, in a freshet of impetuosity.

Volante: I sensed that, *figliuolo.* In any case, I have other matters to occupy me. This is a red-letter day, Beppo. As all the world knows, my beautiful daughter Ippolita, who has just graduated from Perugia U., is due home momentarily, and I must hie me on down to the *drogheria* to buy some cakes and wine for a celebration.

Beppo: Maestro, I shall defend the premises with my very life till you return.

Volante: Never mind the rodomontade—just keep your paws out of the cash drawer. (*He exits.*)

Beppo (*chuckling*): *Che riso sardonico!* Little does the old pantaloon suspect that Ippolita and I have been secretly affianced for months, that we daily exchange burning epistles, and that I would enclasp her hair in a snood of stars, so enslaved am I by her charms. (*He stiffens at the sound of a soft, repeated knock on the window at rear. As he hastens to it and raises the sash, Ippolita, a toothsome blend of Claudia Cardinale and Anouk Aimée, and whose eyes bespeak intelligence on a par with Amy Lowell's, is disclosed on the fire escape, suitcase and diploma in hand.*) Ippolita *carissima!* What are you doing there?

Ippolita: This is no time for chin music (*stridore di denti*). Lift me down. (*Beppo complies—not without visible effort, since she towers above him.*) Listen, I must have a word with you before my father comes back. A serious crisis is imminent.

Beppo: What's wrong?

Ippolita: Have you ever heard of a publishing firm in America named Barber & Farber? Concentrate—rack your brain.

Beppo: Let me think. I seem to recall . . . Why, of course—that big package there on the shelf! I was just shipping them a consignment by air express.

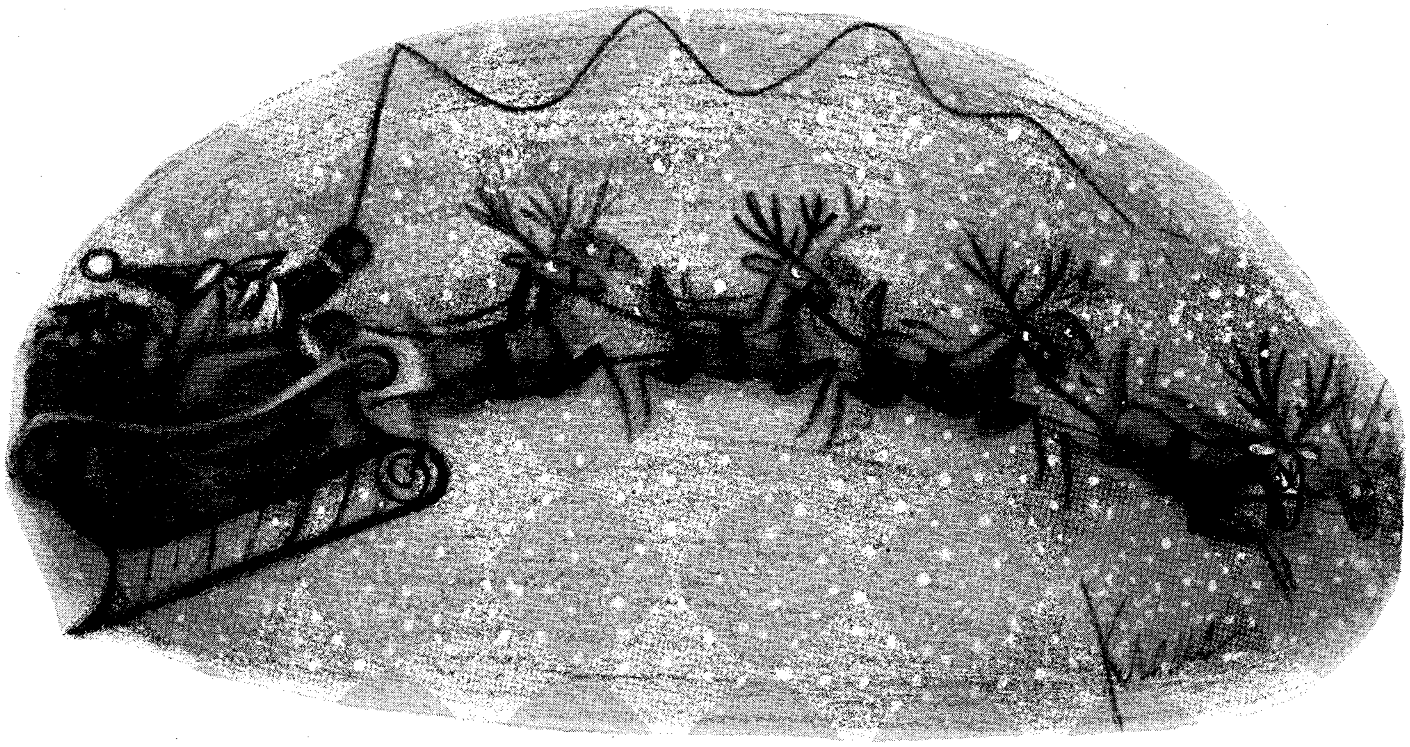
Ippolita: Of two hundred chutes. Am I correct?

Beppo (*bewildered*): Yes, but how on earth did you know?

Ippolita: Because Barbara Sparber, my roommate at Perugia, is the daughter of Marboro Sparber, the distinguished New York publisher who is their deadliest rival. Do you follow?

Beppo: I . . . I think so.

Ippolita: Good. Well, late last night, Marboro Sparber telephoned Barbara that his firm's best-selling novel, "Scarborough Harbor," by Sahbra Garber, was a certainty to win



"For a kindly old man, he's mighty quick with the whip."

the National Book Award next week. . . . Why do you look so puzzled?

Beppo (*faintly*): Er— Nothing, nothing. Go on.

Ippolita: Now, attend me closely, for here comes the wienie. Marboro Sparber has been tipped off that a moment before the award is announced in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor, hirelings of Barber & Farber are going to strafe the assemblage from the mezzanine. At a given signal, the lights will be extinguished, and two hundred mice, dipped in phosphorus to glow in the dark, will flutter down on the guests, ninety per cent of whom are female. The veriest donkey could divine the consequences.

Beppo (*duly divining them*): It will be a catastrophe—*un panico universale!*

Ippolita: That's for sure. The resultant melee will discredit the National Book Award, make my Barbara's father a laughingstock in Publishers' Row, and wash up her engagement to Tabori Czabo, a Hungarian boy at Harvard she's mad about. Beppo, this rotten stratagem must be thwarted at all costs.

Beppo: Shucks, honey, what can *I* do? I'm only an obscure apprentice—

Ippolita: Simpleton. Idiot boy. Don't you see? You, and you alone, have the power to knock the whole scheme into a cocked hat.

Beppo (*cunningly*): You mean by not sending the chutes to Barber & Farber?

Ippolita: Nothing of the sort, stupid. Ship them, by all means—but first, prick each and every one with a needle so they'll collapse in midair!

Beppo: But how does that help matters? The mice would plummet down with even greater force on the target.

Ippolita (*carelessly*): Oh, once the element of showmanship is removed, the audience, already narcotized by the speeches, will hardly notice. Well, how's about it?

Beppo: Ippolita—do you realize what you're saying? You're asking me to sacrifice your father's reputation. He's built up a clientele by years of hard work—

Ippolita: *Ach*, stow the sentimental slop. I'm offering you a choice.

Beppo: I . . . I don't understand.

Ippolita: Between love and duty, you clod. Either do as I ask or it's all over between us—*capisci?*

Beppo (*with a nobility Sydney Carton would have envied*): Very well, then. Bastinado my feet, reduce me to mincemeat, boil me in Vesuvius—I shall never betray Baldassare Volante. Goodbye.

Volante (*flinging open the door*): Bravo! What did I tell you, Ippolita!

Ippolita: Beppo, *angelo mio*—come into my arms! (*She stoops, sweeps him up in an embrace.*) Oh, darling, how happy you've made me!

Beppo (*flummoxed*): Is this all a dream? Am I in Paradise? What's happened?

Volante: Merely that you've passed our test with flying colors. I wanted to be sure of my future son-in-law.

Beppo: Then—the whole thing about the publishers was a confection?

Ippolita: Totally. Papa and I made it up between us, every bit.

Beppo: But I'm *certain* the Hotel Astor exists. I once smoked a cigar by that name.

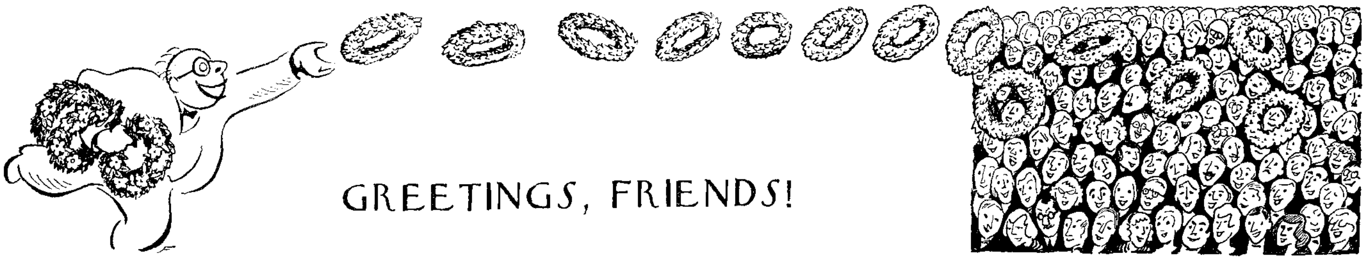
Ippolita: A coincidence. I can assure you that there's no such thing as the National Book Award—and even if there were, a few mice here and there wouldn't make a scrap of difference.

Beppo (*emotionally*): Signor Volante, I'd like you to know one thing. You haven't lost a daughter, you've gained a son.

Volante: I withdraw what I said earlier about your poetic gift. (*Resignedly*) *Allora*, take her, my boy, and one of these days, no doubt, there'll be another little warrior descending from Heaven—but this time a biped with no strings attached. (*Maidenly blushes from Ippolita, suitably hymeneal music, and . . .*

Curtain

—S. J. Perelman



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Friends of the peccant human race,
Greetings, and may Christmas grace
Descend upon you all and cheer
You during the coming year!
I'm back with fresh bundles of holiday mirth
To liven this bothered sphere the Earth.
Greetings to Venus and to Mars!
Greetings to all our neighbor stars!
Regards to any other race
That may inhabit Outer Space.
Now carve the usual Christmas roast
And all hands join in a wassail toast
As we, in mild ebriety,
Salute the Great Society.
We wish, upon this jocund day,
Long life and health to L.B.J.
We'll see that the city is bedecked
For John, our fine young Mayor-elect.
Noël, Noël to Jessica Bell,
Evelyn Lincoln, Gabriel Dell,
Thomas Schippers—and of course we
Also cherish Outerbridge Horsey.
Greetings from us and other codgers
To Grace Bumbry, Ginger Rogers,
Joseph Heller, Robert Zeller,
And Mrs. Happy Rockefeller.
In festive humor we'll descant
Upon the charms of Mudcat Grant,
Weeb Ewbank, Veronica Tyler,
Sandy Koufax, and Philip Schuyler,
And we beseech of William Goyen
That he do us a favor and enjoy an
Absolutely splendid day
With Justice Fortas and Charlotte Rae.
Love to pianist Tong Il Han
From poetaster Sul Li Van;
Joyeux Noël to Jean Monnet,
Michael Somes, Frances Macrae,
Ina Claire, Luigi Barzini,
And Italy's cinema king, Fellini!
We'll celebrate with Herbert Read,
Charles Schucker, and Morton Fried,
And be it understood we ain't
Forgetting Eva Marie Saint,
Or Kees van Dongen, Barbara Harris,
Peter Shaffer, or George Maharis.
Oh, twink the viol and toot the flute
For Groucho Marx and Jonathan Root.
Let's frolic 'neath the mistletoe
With Constance Motley, Peter Coe,
Mahalia Jackson, Nureyev,
And the Nobel winner UNICEF.
Pee Wee Russell! Give us a chorus
For Jerry Tallmer and Hoke Norris,
For Mary Stewart, the mystery writer,
And Jose Torres, the champion fighter!
Blow in praise of Ed Wynn,
Senator Dirksen, Irving Berlin,
Ellsworth Bunker, Jacques Cousteau,
David Oistrakh, and Gary Mineau!
Hey, Peter Nero and Quintin Hogg!
Please carry in the Christmas log;
Then, gathered round its friendly fire,
We'll sound off like a regular choir,
Singing "Silent Night" off key
To startle Frederick Dupee,
And to the strains of a rich bassoon
We'll hum a tune to Vidal Sassoon,
And warble lays for Burton Lane,
Richard Lester, Michael Caine—
And how nice if Vardis Fisher could
Solo for Christopher Isherwood!
All the best to Peter Kass;
Slāinte! to Eire's Sean Lemass.
May joyful blessings drizzle down
In plenty on John Mason Brown.
Salutations to Ford Frick;
Success to the baton of George Schick;
Three rousing cheers for Holly Turner,
Samuel Barber, and Max Lerner.
Now deck the halls with Christmas green-o
For Hughes, O'Connor, Procaccino—
And will the choristers kindly sing
For Howard Lindsay and Dennis King?
For Twelfth Night we'll get slightly blotto
In honor of Renata Scotto,
Peter Jennings, Dumas Malone,
Samuel Iams and his lady, Joan,
And drink champagne till there isn't any
For Kenneth Clark, Mirella Freni,
Harry Howell, Joseph Kramm,
Yevtushenko, and Donald Gramm.
From this auld bard, an "Auld Lang Syne"
To actor David Carradine,
To Francis Dunne, Pearl Bailey,
Tommy Steele, and Arthur Hailey!
Peace, from this bewildered square,
To the striplings who affect long hair,
The youths who dress in pants like tights,
And college girls who dress like frights,
And may kind Providence take pity
Upon poor, battered New York City;
May Mayor Lindsay heal its bruises,
And may Con Ed blow no more fuses!

Friends, join with good heart, and, if you please,
Wish peace to our soldiers overseas,
To Pakistanis and Rhodesians,
To Indians and Indonesians.
Pray for the day when Uncle Sam
Can take his leave of sad Vietnam,
And may this anxious world soon see
Fulfillment of the noble plea
Of the Pontiff Paul to his fellow-men:
"No more war. War never again."

—FRANK SULLIVAN

FURTHER TALES ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

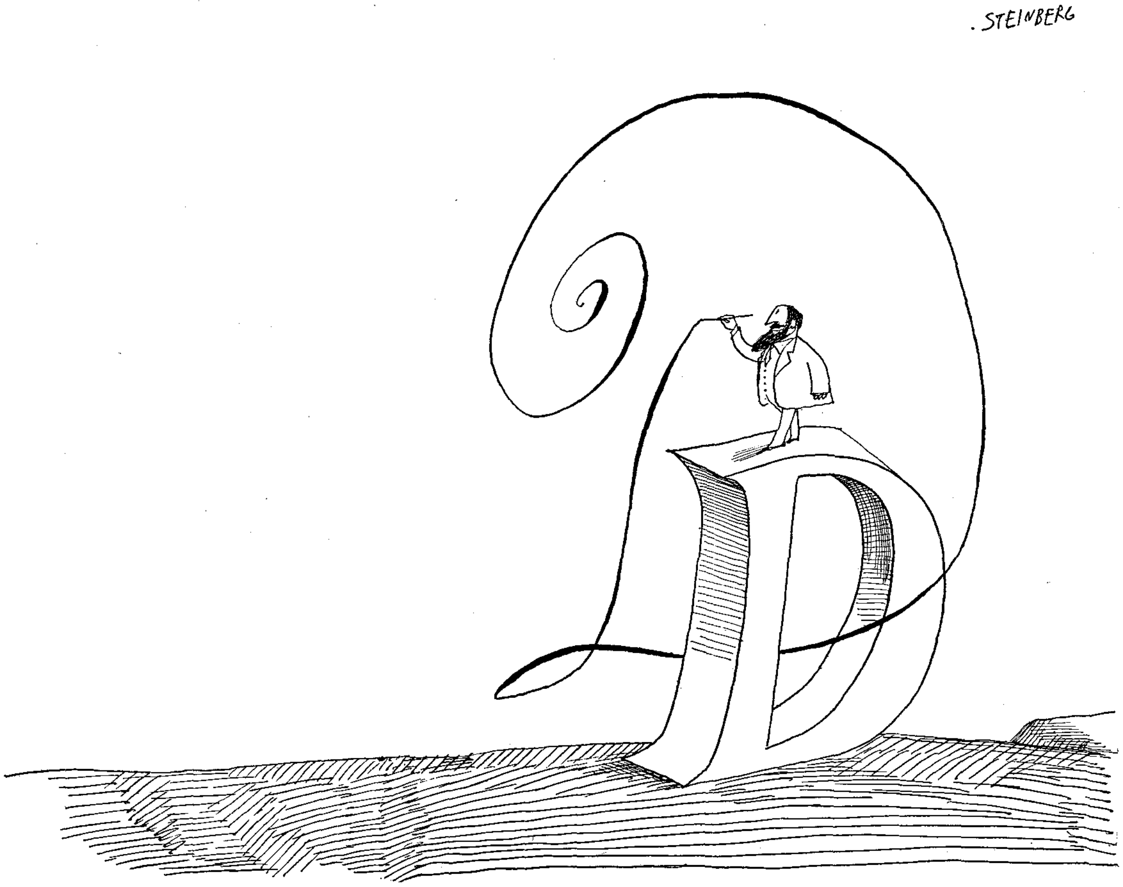
I

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had no enemies—only friends. He had a gift for friendship. When he met someone for the first time, he would look into the man or the woman or the child's eyes, and he never afterward mistook them for someone else. He was as kind as the day is long, and no one imposed on his kindness. He had a beautiful wife, who loved him. He had a comfortable, quiet apartment in town and a beautiful little house by the sea. He had enough money. All summer he taught children to sail boats on the salt water, and on winter afternoons he sat in his club and helped old men with one foot in the grave to remember names, so they could get on with their recollecting. If necessary, he even helped them to remember the point of the recollection, which he had usually heard before. In the club he was never alone for a minute. If he sat down by the magazine table, the other members gathered around him like fruit flies—the young, uneasy new members as well as his bald-headed contemporaries. The places he had lived in stretched halfway around the world, and he was a natural-born storyteller. His conversation went to the head, like wine. At the same time, it went straight to the heart. He was a lovely man, and there aren't any more like him.

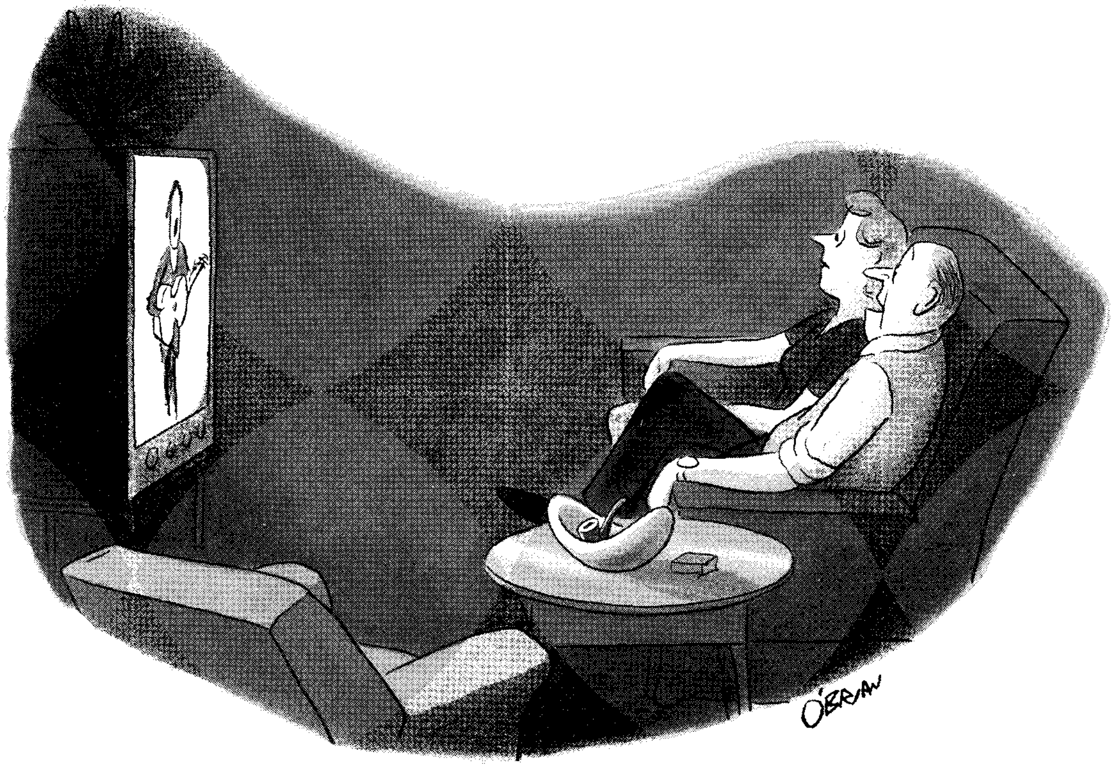
But there was also in the same club a man who had no friends—and, of course, not a single enemy either. He was always alone. He had never married. Though he had too much money, no one had ever successfully put the finger on him. He did not drink, and if someone who had been drinking maybe a little too much nodded to him on the way upstairs to the dining room, he did not respond, lest it turn out that he had been mistaken for somebody else. He tried sitting at the common table, in the hope that it would broaden his mind, but it was not the way he had been given to understand it would be, so he moved to a table by the window, a table for two, and for company he had an empty plate that did not contradict itself, a clean napkin that lived wholly in the present, a glittering glass tumbler that had its facts and figures straight, an unprejudiced knife, an unsentimental fork, and two logical spoons. Actually, his belonging to this particular club at all was due to a mistake on the part of the secretary of the Committee on Admissions, who had been instructed to notify another man of the same name that he had been elected to membership.

The man who had no friends did not want any, but he was observing, and from his table by the window he saw something no one else saw: The man who had no enemies, only friends, did not look well. It could be nothing more than one of those sudden jerks by which people grow older, but there was a late-afternoon light in his eye, and also his color was not good. Joking, he made use of the elevator when the others moved toward the stairs. And more and more he seemed like a man who is listening to two conversations at once. Sometimes for a week or ten days he would not appear at the club at all, and then he would be there again, moving through the stately, high-ceilinged rooms like a ship under full sail—but a ship whose rigging is frayed and whose oak timbers have grown lighter and lighter with time, and whose seaworthiness is now entirely a matter of the excellence of the builder's design.

The first stroke was slight. The doctor kept him in bed for a while, but he was able to spend the summer in his house by the sea, as usual. During the period of his convalescence, his wife informed the doorman at the club that he would be happy to see his friends. Naturally, they came—came often, came in droves, and found the invalid sitting up in bed, in good spirits, though not quite his old self yet. They were concerned lest they stay too long, and at the same time found it difficult to leave until they had blurted out, while it was still possible, how much he meant to them. These statements he was somehow able to dispose of with humor, so that they didn't hang heavy in the air afterward.



The man who had no friends also inquired about him, and the doorman, after some hesitation, gave him the message, too, thinking that since this was the first time in fourteen years that he had ever asked about anybody, he must be a friend. But he didn't pay a call on the sick man. He had asked only out of curiosity. When he returned to town in September, he saw on the club bulletin board an announcement of a memorial service for the man who had a gift for friendship. He had died in his sleep, in the house by the sea. The man who had no



"Do you suppose there'll ever be a golden age of ***this****?"*

• •

friends had reached the age where it is not unusual to spend a considerable part of one's time going to funerals, but no one had died whose obsequies required his presence, and again he was curious. He marked the date in the little memorandum book he always carried with him, and when the day came he got in a taxi and went to the service.

THE small stone chapel filled up quickly, for of course they all came, all the friends of the man who had no enemies. They came bringing their entire stock of memories of him, which in one or two instances went back to their early youth. And in many cases there was something about their dress, some small mark of color—the degree of red or bright blue that is permitted in the ties of elderly men, the *Légion d'Honneur* in a buttonhole—because it had seemed to them that the occasion ought not to be wholly solemn, since the man himself had been so impatient of solemnity. The exception was the man who had no friends. He wore a dark-gray business suit and a black-and-white striped tie, and sat alone in the back of the chapel. To his surprise, the funeral service was completely impersonal. Far from eulogizing the dead man or explaining his character to people who already knew all there was to know about it, the officiating clergyman did not even mention his name. There was a longish prayer, and then quotations from the Scriptures—mostly from the Psalms. The chapel had a bad echo, but the idea of the finality of death came through the garbled phrases, even so. The idea of farewell. The idea of a funeral on the water, and mourners peering, through torchlight, at a barque that is fast disappearing from sight. The man who had no friends sat observing, with his inward eye, his own funeral, in an empty undertaking parlor. The church was cold. He felt a draft on his ankles.

The young minister raised his voice to that pitch that is customary when the prayers of clergymen are meant to carry not only to the congregation but also to the ear of Heaven. There was a last brief exhortation to the Deity, and then the service was over. But during the emptying of the chapel something odd happened. The people there had not expected to derive such comfort from the presence of one another, and when their eyes met, their faces lit up, and they kept reaching out their hands to each other, over the pews. The man who had no friends saw what was happening and hurriedly put on his overcoat, but before he could slip out of the church he felt his arm being taken in a friendly manner, and a man he knew only by sight said, "Ah yes, he belonged to you, too, didn't he? Yes, of course." And no sooner had he extricated himself from this person than someone else said, "You're not going off by yourself? Come with us. Come on, come on, stop making a fuss!" And though he could hardly believe it, he found himself sitting on the jump seat of a taxi, with four other men, who took out their handkerchiefs and unashamedly wiped the tears away, blew their noses, and then sat back and began to tell funny stories about the dead man. When he got out of the cab, he tried to pay for his share, but they wouldn't hear of it, so he thanked them stiffly, and they called goodbye to him as if they were all his friends, which was too absurd—except that it didn't end there. The next day at the club they went right on acting as if they had a right to consider themselves his friends, and nothing he said or didn't say made any difference. They had got it into their heads he was a friend of the man who died, and so one of them. Shortly after the beginning of the new year, what should he find but a letter, on club stationery, informing him that he had been elected to the Board of Governors. He sat right down and wrote a letter explaining why he could not serve, but he saw at once that the letter was too revealing, so he tore it up. For the next three years he went faithfully, but with no pleasure, to the monthly dinners, and cast his vote with the others during the business meeting that followed the dinner. At the very last meeting of his term, just when he thought he was escaping, the secretary read off the names of the members who were to serve on the House Committee, and his name was among them. It seemed neither the time nor the place to protest, and afterward, when he did protest, he was told that it was customary for the members of the Board of Governors to serve on one committee or another after their term was finished. If he refused, the matter would be placed before the Board of Governors at their next meeting. He didn't want to call that much attention to himself, so he gave in. He served on the House Committee for two years, and at these meetings found that he was in sympathy with the prevailing atmosphere, which was of sharp candor and common sense. Inevitably he became better acquainted with his fellow committee members, and when they spoke to him on the stairs he couldn't very well not respond. For a while he continued to sit at his table by the window, but someone almost always came and joined him, so in the end he decided he might as well move over to the common table with the others. Later he served on the Rules Committee, the Archives Committee, the Art Committee, the Library Committee, the Music Committee, and the Committee on Admissions. Finally, when there were no more committees for him to serve on, someone dropped a remark in his presence and he saw the pit yawning before him. He took a solemn vow that he would never permit his name to be put up for president of the club, but it was put up. They did it without asking his permission, for it was an honor that had never been refused and they couldn't imagine anyone's wanting to refuse it.

He made an ideal president. He understood facts and figures, being a man of means, and since he had no family life, he was free to give all his time to the affairs of the club. A curmudgeon with a heart of gold is what they all said about him. Sometimes they even said it to his face. Fuming, he was made to sit for his portrait, shortly before he died, at the age of eighty-four, of pneumonia. As so often happens, the portrait was a failure. There was a bleak look in the eyes that wasn't at all like him, the members said, shaking their heads, and the one man who really understood him—who had never once tried to be his friend—was not there to contradict them.

II

IN a certain large city, on a side street that was only two blocks long, there was a two-story building with a neon sign that read "R. H. Gilroy ◊ Printing." This sign, which was strongly colored with orchid and blue and flickered anxiously, was the crowning achievement of thirty years of night work and staying open on Saturdays and Sundays. R. H. Gilroy was a short, irascible man with a green eyeshade, a pencil behind his ear, and a cigar butt in the corner of his mouth. The sign didn't mention the printer's wife, though it should have. She answered the telephone and did the bookkeeping and wrote out bills in a large, placid, motherly handwriting, and knew where everything was and how to pacify her husband when he got excited.

From her desk by the radiator, Maria Gilroy looked out on the Apex Party Favors Company and A. & J. Kertock Plumbing and Heating, directly across the street. She could also see the upper stories of the Universal Moving and Storage Company, two blocks north. At odd times of the day, birds swooped down out of the air and settled on the iron ladder that led from the roof of the storage company to the cone-shaped roof of a water tank. The people of the neighborhood—boys lolling on the steps of the vocational high school, the policeman who stood under the marquee of No. 210 when it was raining, and others—took these birds to be pigeons. The printer's wife, who was born and brought up in Italy, knew they were not pigeons but doves. When her eyes demanded some relief from the strain of balancing figures that were, at the same time, too close to her face and too far from her heart, she would get up from her desk by the radiator and go outdoors and stand looking up, shielding her eyes with her hand and straining for the sound that she remembered from her far-off childhood, and that she could sometimes almost hear, and might, indeed, have heard if a truck hadn't shifted into low gear or a bus hadn't backfired or if the children who lived over the Apex Party Favors Company and whose only place to play was the street had ever stopped yelling at each other. The silence that was always on the point of settling down on that not very busy street never actually did, and the birds circling through the silence of the upper air never settled on any perch lower than the iron ladder of the water tank of the Universal Moving and Storage Company.

The printer's wife tried various ways of coaxing them down. She bought a china dove in Woolworth's and set it in her window. She tried thought transference. She bought bread crumbs at the delicatessen and scattered them on the sidewalk. But pigeons flying to and from the marble eaves of the post office saw the bread crumbs and swooped down and strutted about on the sidewalk, picking and choosing and making sounds that were egotistical and monotonous, and of course they kept the doves away. When it rained, the bread crumbs made a soggy mess on the sidewalk and the policeman left the shelter of the marquee and crossed the street and told the printer he was violating a city ordinance, which made him terribly excited. So she gave up trying to lure the birds closer and merely watched them. There was sometimes only one on the ladder, and there were never more than three. The business was open on Christmas Day, as usual, and on New Year's, and the birds were either on the ladder or in the air above it, but on the second of January she didn't see them all day, and when they weren't there the next morning she said, "I wonder if something has happened to my birds."

The printer, who was reading proof for the sixth edition of a third-rate dictionary, bit into his damp, defeated cigar and reached for the pencil behind his ear. "Eeyah!" he exclaimed bitterly, and restored a missing cedilla. On the margin of the proof he wrote a sarcastic note for the typesetter, who was quick as lightning but not, unfortunately, a perfectionist. The printer's wife glanced over her shoulder and saw that the page he was correcting began with the word "doubt" and ended with "downfall." Her eyes travelled down the column of type until they stopped at "dove (dŭv)." In mounting excitement—for it must be a sign, it couldn't be just an accident—she read on hastily, through the derivation (ME. *douve*, akin to OS. *dūba*, D. *duif*, OHG. *tūba*, G. *taube*, ON. *dūfa*, Sw. *dufva*, Dan. *due*, Goth. *dūbo*, and prob. to OIr. *dub* black. See DEAF) and the first and second meanings, and arrived at the third. The words "emblem of the Holy Spirit" flickered on the page, though the harsh white fluorescent light did not alter, and she felt a moment of fright. Turning her eyes to the window, she saw the orchid faces of A. and J. Kertock, who had just padlocked the door of their shop and were about to go home to their dinner, content and happy with using brass fittings when solid copper was specified and the thousand and one opportunities for padding a plumbing and heating bill. She nodded, and they—quite ready to admit that it takes all kinds to make a world and even though honesty is not the best policy there was no reason why the printer and his wife shouldn't pursue it if it gave them any pleasure—nodded in return. She wanted to throw open the window and ask them if they had seen the doves, but it wasn't that kind of a window.

"Get out the cookies, Jennie. I think I hear carollers."

• •

The next morning, while she was tearing January 4 off her desk calendar, the doves settled down on their perch. It was a very cold day, and she was concerned for them. If they only had a little house they could go into, out of the wind, she kept thinking, and she was tempted to pick up the phone and call the Universal Moving and Storage Company. By the next morning, the wind had dropped and the air was milder, and that evening orchid and blue snow drifted gently down on the sidewalk and on the stone window ledge, and on the tarred rooftops across the street. By eleven o'clock, when the neon sign was turned off, the street was like a stage setting.

At noon on the sixth of January, the printer's wife put on her coat and her plastic boots and trudged through the snow to the delicatessen and came back with three chicken sandwiches on white, three dill pickles, and three paper containers of coffee. Leaning against the garbage cans of No. 210, where it certainly hadn't been a few minutes before, was a Christmas tree with some of the tinsel still on it. It had seen better days, but even so, in a landscape made up entirely of brick, stone, concrete, and plate glass, it was a pleasure to look at, and all afternoon the printer's wife kept getting up from her chair and glancing up the street to see if the tree was still there. At four o'clock she put on her coat and her plastic boots and went out into the street. The policeman saw her pick up the Christmas tree and carry it into the fish market, but he took no notice. When she walked into the printing shop a few minutes later with her arms full of green branches that the fishman had kindly chopped off for her, the printer saw her and didn't see her. Words and printer's symbols were the only things he ever saw and saw. She went to the back of the shop and climbed the stairway to the second floor, where the back files and the office supplies were kept and where there was an iron stairs leading to a trapdoor that opened onto the roof. The roof of R. H. Gilroy ◇ Printing was flat and tarred, and it had a false front with an ornamental coping. In a corner where the wind would not reach it, the printer's wife made a shelter and sprinkled crumbs—she had eaten the slice of chicken but not the bread—in among the green, forest-smelling boughs. The wind whipped at her coat, but she did not feel the cold. And all around her the rooftops were unfamiliar because of the snow, with here a pavilion and there an archway or a garden house or a grotto. The falling snow softened the sound of the trucks in the street, and the children who lived over the Apex Party Favors Company were indoors at that moment, playing under their Christmas tree, which sometimes stayed up until Easter, and was decorated with soiled paper hats, serpentines, crackers without any fortune in them, and papier-mâché miniature champagne bottles. The street grew quieter and quieter and quieter and quieter, and at last, out of a sky as soft and as silent as the snow, three doves descended. They alighted on the ornamental coping and from the ornamental coping they flew to the chimney pots, and from there straight into the corner where the pine boughs had been prepared for them.

Aware that his wife had been standing behind his chair for some time, the printer looked up impatiently. Something in her face, an expression that he recognized as related in some remote way to printer's signs and symbols, made him take off his green eyeshade and place his cigar stub on the edge of the desk and follow her. As they passed the typesetter, she motioned to him, and he stopped his frantic machine and came too. At the top of the iron stairs she turned and warned them not to speak. Then she pushed the trapdoor open slowly. The silence that had been coming and coming had arrived while she was downstairs, and as the two men stepped out onto the roof, bareheaded and surprised by the snow alighting on their faces, they heard first the silence and then the sound that came from the pine boughs.

"*Zenaidura macroura carolinensis*, the mourning dove," the printer whispered, quoting from the great unabridged dictionary that it was his life's dream to set up in type and print. His ink-stained, highly skilled, nervous hand sought and found his wife's soft hand. The typesetter crossed himself. The doves, aware of their presence but not frightened by it, moved among the boughs, seeking out the bread crumbs, and with a slight movement of their feathered throats making sounds softer than snow, making signs and symbols of sounds, softer and more caressing than lŭv and dŭv, kinder than go͝od, deeper than pēs.

III

ONCE upon a time there was a man who loved to eat. Two helpings of this, a little more of that, and when he was full, out of consideration for his wife's feelings, he had a little more of something else. Half an hour after he had got up from the table, he would pass through the kitchen and, seeing the remains of the roast on its platter, think regretfully, It won't be the same tomorrow, and snitch a small piece of outside, not at all bothered by the fact that he was putting roast beef on top of prune whip. Oddly enough, it did not occur to him that he was greedy until this was pointed out to him at a dinner party by the woman who sat on his left and who, for one reason and another, did not enjoy seeing people eat. He thought a moment and then said, "Yes, it's true. I am greedy," and left part of his dessert, but it was a particularly good strawberry mousse, and the next time he looked down at his plate it was bare. He should have weighed three hundred pounds and waddled when he walked, but instead he was thin as a rail. He had always been thin. All food did for him was keep up his appetite.

Though his wife ate sparingly, being mindful of her figure, she liked to cook for him, and his friends smiled as they watched him settle down to a menu. It is not moral perfection that most people find endearing but an agreeable mixture of strong points and frailties. His weakness was clearly the love of food, and he confidently expected to eat his way into his grave. But just when you think you know how things are going to be, it turns out that they aren't that way after all. "Will you have another helping of potatoes?" his wife asked one evening, and he started to say "Yes," as usual, and to his surprise he heard himself say "No." He had had enough. He couldn't eat any more, not even to please her. He wondered if he was about to come down with something, and so, privately, did she.

The next morning he woke up feeling perfectly all right, and ate a huge breakfast, and that should have been the end of it, but there was a nagging doubt in the back of his mind: What happened once could happen again. He tried not to think about it. Four days later, when he sat down to the table, he found that once more he had no appetite. This time he was really frightened, and the nagging doubt moved from the back of his mind to the front, and stayed there. He ate, but out of the sense that it was something one must do. No real craving. At breakfast he did not find himself having just one more slice of buttered toast, with currant jelly on it because the other four slices had been either plain or with orange marmalade. He did not say, eying his wife's plate, "If that piece of bacon is going begging . . ." or "If you're not going to eat your English muffin . . ." He—who was never melancholy—caught himself out in a sigh, and asked himself questions that are better left unasked.

When it came time for his annual checkup, his doctor announced that his heart was normal and so was his blood pressure.

"You mean normal for my age," the man said gloomily.

GIVE THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE
FATHER & SON
DRESSING ROBES
1ST FLOOR

"Yes. For a man of your age you're in very good shape. Appetite?"

"No appetite."

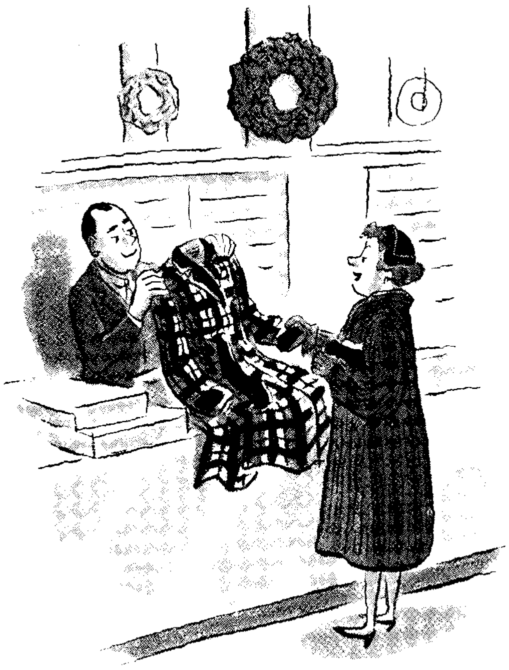
"Why not?"

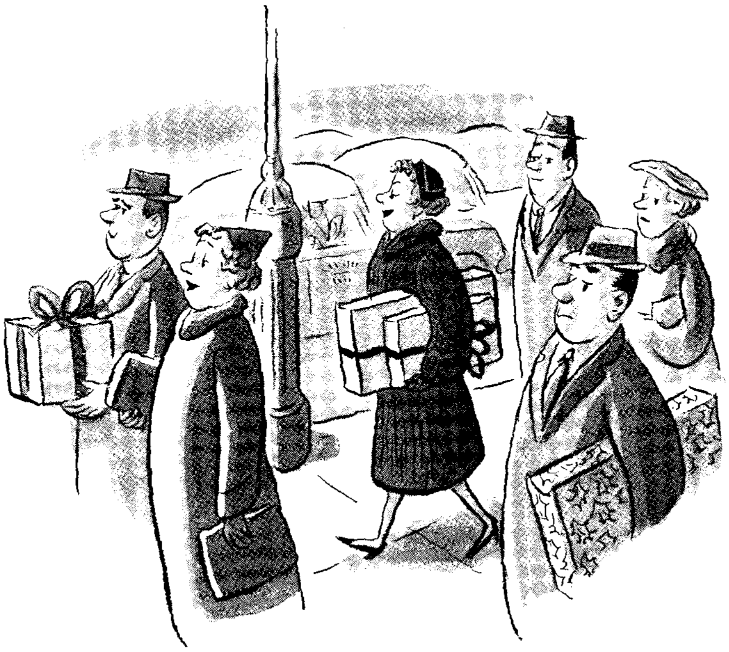
"I don't know. I'm just not hungry. I'd just as soon never eat anything again as long as I live."

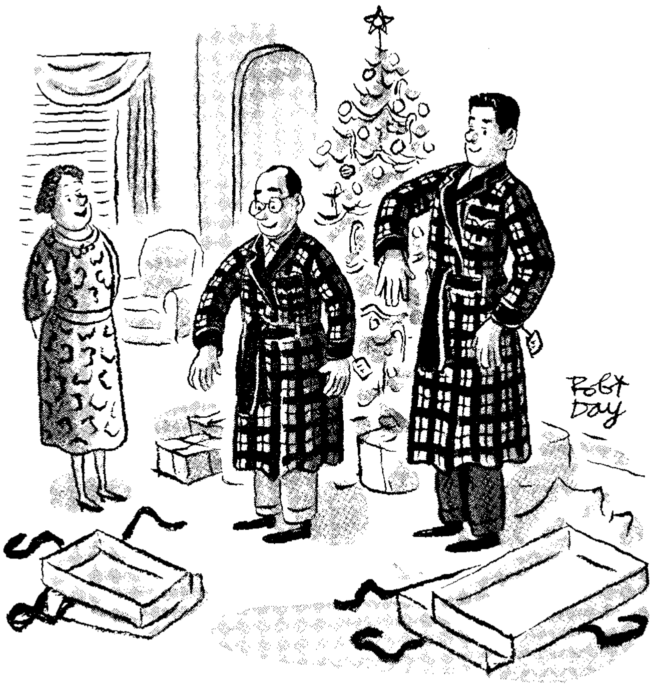
"We'll have to give you something for that," the doctor said, and he did. Though the man who loved to eat had absolute faith in any kind of medicine, and as a rule showed marked signs of improvement before the pills or the antibiotic could possibly have had a chance to take effect, this time it was different. The liver shots did nothing whatever for him.

About once every month or six weeks his appetite would return, for no reason, and he would stuff himself and think, Ah, now it is over. I can go on eating. . . . But the next time he sat down at the table, no sooner did he raise his fork to his mouth than with a look of utter misery he put it down again.

ONE day, passing by a second-hand-book store, he happened to see, on a table of old, gritty, dehydrated books, the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus. He bought it and took it home and sat down to read it. "Require not things to happen as you wish, but wish them to happen as they do happen, and all will be well," Epictetus said, on page 8. The man who loved to eat took a pencil out of his inside coat pocket and underlined the sentence. A few pages farther on, he marked another: "Everything has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it cannot." Suddenly he stopped reading and







• •

sat looking off into space. The expression on his face was that of a person who has just been saved from drowning. "Umm," he said, to nobody in particular. He read on a few more pages, and then, having absorbed all the Stoicism he could manage in one dose, he closed the book and went about his business, thankful that his pleasure in food lasted as long as it did—though what is thankfulness compared to a good appetite?

IV

THERE was an old woman whose house was beside a bend in a running stream. Sometimes the eddying current sounded almost like words, like a message: *Rill, you will, you will, sill, rillable, syllable, billable. . . .* Sometimes when she woke in the night it was to the sound of a fountain plashing, though there wasn't, of course, any fountain. Or sometimes it sounded like rain, though the sky was clear and full of stars.

Around her cottage Canada lilies grew, and wild peppermint, and lupines, Queen Anne's lace taller than her head, and wild roses that were half the ordinary size, and the wind brought with it across somebody else's pasture the smell of pine trees, which she could see from her kitchen window. Here she lived, all by herself, and since she had no one to cook and care for but herself, you might think that time was often heavy on her hands. It was just the contrary. The light woke her in the morning, and the first thing she heard was the sound of the running stream. It was the sound of hurry, and she said to herself, "I must get up and get breakfast and make the bed and sweep, or I'll be late setting the bread to rise." And when the bread was out of the way there was the laundry. And when the laundry was hanging on the line, there was something else that urgently needed doing. The stream also never stopped hurrying and worrying on to some place she had never thought about and did not try to imagine. So great was its eagerness that it cut away at its banks until every so often it broke through to some bend farther on, leaving a winding bog that soon filled up with wildflowers. But this the old woman had no way of knowing, for when she left the house it was to buy groceries in the store at the crossroads, or call on a sick friend. She was not much of a walker. She suffered from shortness of breath, and her knees bothered her a good deal. "The truth is," she kept telling herself, as if it was an idea she had not yet completely accepted, "I am an old woman, and I don't have forever to do the things that need to be done." Looking in the mirror, she could not help seeing the wrinkles. And her hair, which had once been thick and shining, was not only gray but so thin she could see her scalp. Even the texture of her hair had changed. It was frizzy, and the hair of a stranger. "So long ago," she said to herself as she read through old letters before destroying them, "and it seems like yesterday." And as she wrote out labels, which she pasted on the undersides of tables and chairs, telling whom they were to go to after her death, she said, "I don't see how I could have accumulated so much. Where did it all come from?" And one morning she woke up with the realization that if she died that day she would have done all she could do. Her dresser drawers were tidied, the cupboards in order. It was a Tuesday, and she did not bake until Thursday, and the marketing she had done the day before. The house was clean, the ironing put away, and if she threw the covers off and hurried into her clothes it would be to do something that didn't really need doing. So she lay there thinking, and gradually the thoughts in her mind, which were threadbare with repetition, were replaced by the sound of conversation that came to her from outside—*Rill, you will? You will, still. But fill, but fill*—and the chittering conversation of the birds. Suddenly she knew what she was going to do, though there was no hurry about it. She was going to follow the stream and see what happened to it after it passed her house.

She ate a leisurely breakfast, washed the dishes, and put a sugar sandwich and an orange in a brown paper bag. Then, wearing a black straw hat in case it should turn warm and an old gray sweater in case it should turn cold, she locked the house up, and put the key to the front door under the mat, and started off.

The first thing she came to was a rustic footbridge, which seemed to lead to an island, but the island turned out to be merely the other side of the stream. Here there were paths everywhere, made by the horses in the pasture coming down to drink. She followed now one, now another, stepping over fallen tree trunks, and pausing when her dress caught on a briar. Sometimes it led her to the brink of the stream at a place where there was no way to cross, and she had to retrace her steps and choose some other path. Sometimes it led her through a cool glade, or a meadow where the grass grew up to her knees. When she came to a barbed-wire fence with a stile over it, she knew she was following a path made by human beings.

First she was on one side of the stream and then, when a big log or a bridge invited her to cross over, she was on the other. She saw a house, but it was closed and shuttered, and so, though she knew she was trespassing, she felt no alarm. When the path left the stream, she decided to continue on it, assuming that the stream would quickly wind back upon itself and rejoin her. The path led her to a road, and the road led her to a gate with a sign on it: "KEEP THIS GATE CLOSED." It was standing open. She went on, following the road as before, and came to another gate, with a padlock and chain on it, but right beside the gate was an opening in the fence just large enough for her to crawl through. The road was deep in dust and lined with tall trees that cast a dense shade. She saw a deer, which stopped grazing and raised its head to look at her, and then went bounding off. The road brought her to more houses—summer cottages, not places where people lived the year round. To avoid them she cut through the trees, in the direction that she assumed the running stream must be, and saw still another house. Here, for the first time, there was somebody—a man who did not immediately see her, for he was bent over sharpening a scythe.

"I'm looking for the little running stream," she said to him.

"You left that a long way back," the man said. "The river is just on the other side of those big pine trees."

"Is there a bridge?"

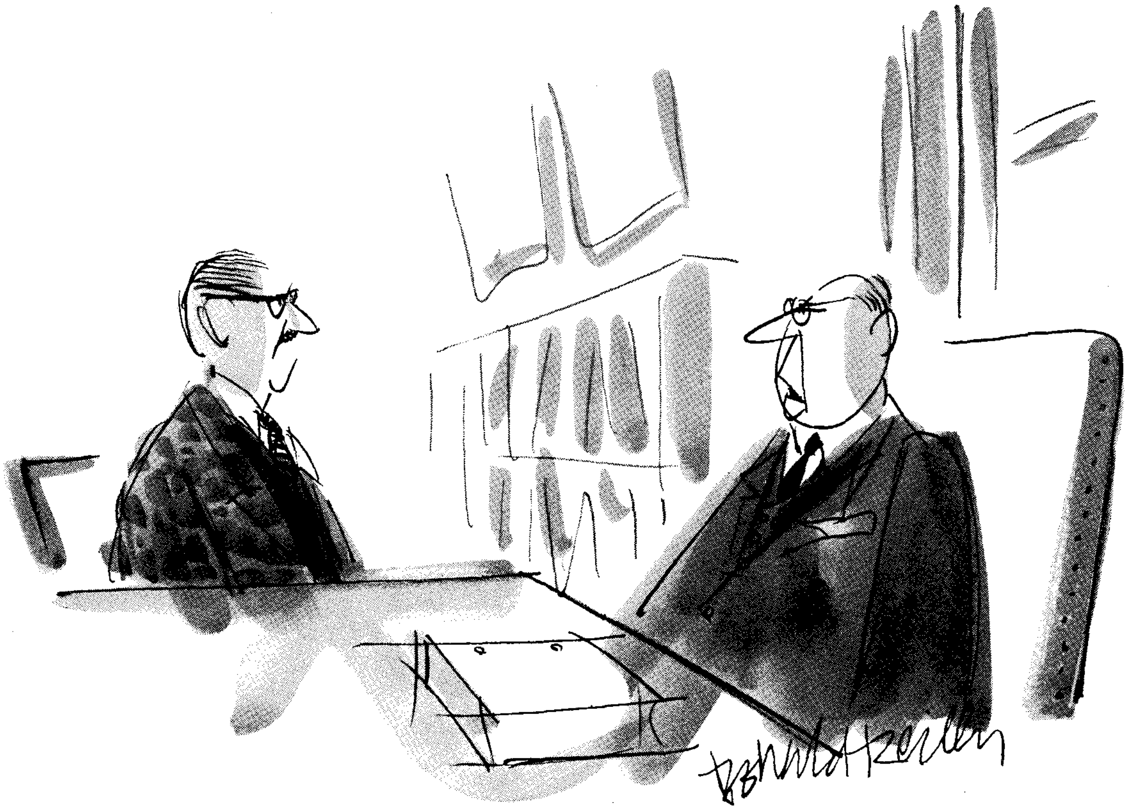
"Half a mile upstream."

"What happens if I follow the river downstream on this side?"

"You can't," the man said. "There's no way. You have to go upstream to the bridge."

Should she turn around and go home, she wondered. The sun was not yet overhead, so she walked on, toward the trees

NO PARKING
POLICE



"Oh, it's a rib-tickling collection of anecdotes, all right, but it happens we already have a rib-tickling collection of anecdotes for our spring list."

• •

the man had pointed to, thinking that he might be mistaken and that it might be the running stream that went past her house, but it wasn't. It was three times as broad, and clearly a little river. It too was lined with wildflowers, and in places they had leaped over the flowing water and were growing out of a log in midstream. The river was almost as clear as the air, and she could see the bottom, and schools of fish darting this way and that. Rainbow trout, they were. Half a mile upstream and half a mile down made a mile, and she thought of her poor knees. The water, though swift, was apparently quite shallow. She could take off her shoes and stockings and wade across.

Holding her skirts up, she went slowly out into the river. The bottom was all smooth, rounded stones, precarious to walk on, and she was careful to place her feet firmly. When she was halfway across she stepped into a deep hole, lost her balance, and fell. She tried to stand up, but the current was too swift, and she was hampered by her wet clothing. Gasping and swallowing water, she was tumbled over and over as things are that float downstream in a rushing current. "I did not think my life would end like this," she said to herself, and gave up and let the current take her.

WHEN she opened her eyes, she was lying on the farther bank of the river. She must have been lying there for hours, because her hair and her clothing were dry. In the middle of the river there was a young man, who turned his head and smiled at her. He had blond hair and he was not more than twenty, and he had waders on which came up to his waist, and his chest and shoulders were bare, and she could see right through him; she could see the river and the wildflowers on the other bank. Had he pulled her out? You can't see through living people. He must be dead. But he was not a corpse, he was the most angelic young man she had ever seen, and radiantly happy as he whipped his line back and forth over the shining water. And so, for that matter, was she. She tried to speak to him but could not. It was too strange.

He waded downstream slowly, casting as he went, and she watched him until he was out of sight. She saw that there was a path that followed the river downstream. I'll just go a little farther, she thought, and started on. She wanted to have another look at the beautiful young man, who must be just around the next bend of the river. Instead, when she got there, she saw a heavy, middle-aged man with a bald head. He also was standing in the middle of the river, casting, and a shaft of sunlight passed right through him. She went on. The path was only a few feet from the water, and it curved around the roots of old trees to avoid a clump of bushes. She saw two horses standing by the mouth of a little stream that might be the stream that went past her house—there was no way of telling—and she could see right through them, too, as if they were made of glass. Soon after this she began to overtake people on the path—for her knees no longer bothered her, and she walked quite fast, for the pleasure of it, and because she had such a feeling of lightness. She saw, sitting on the bank, a boy with a great many freckles, who caught a good-sized trout while she stood watching him. He smiled at her and she smiled back at him, and went on. She met a very friendly dog, who stayed with her, and a young woman with a baby carriage, and an old man. They both smiled at her, the way the young man and the boy had, but said nothing. The feeling of lightness persisted, as if a burden larger than she had realized had been taken off her shoulders. If I keep on much farther, I'll never find my way home, she thought. But nevertheless she went on, as if she had no choice, meeting more people, and suddenly she looked down at her hands and saw that they too were transparent. Then she knew. But without any fear or regret. So it was there all the time, an hour's walk from the house, she thought. And with a light heart she walked on, enjoying the day and the sunlight on the river, which seemed almost alive, and from time to time meeting more people all going the same way she was, all going the same way as the river.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

•

That telephone sitting on the desk contains 475 parts—count 'em.

There are 87 in the dial unit, 75 in the handset, 73 in the ringer, and 108 in the electrical network.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

And 132 that were left over after *you* got through.

LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

DECEMBER 9

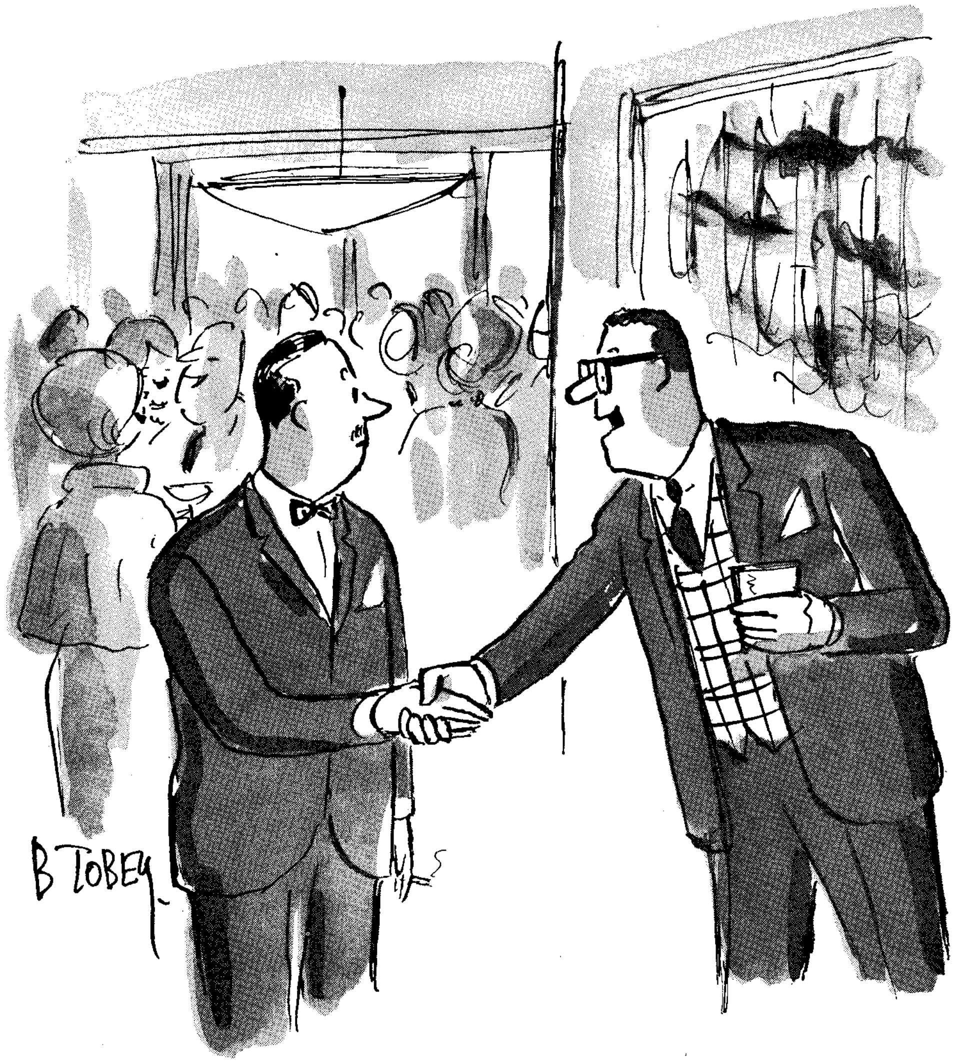
"THE event," as theologian Karl Barth has called Vatican Council II, reached its formal close here yesterday, though it may be said that its real work is just beginning. The idea of holding the Council came to Pope John XXIII on January 20, 1959. ("The first to be surprised by this proposal of mine was myself," he wrote in his journal.) It was convened on October 11, 1962, and after Pope John's death it was reconvened by Pope Paul VI. In its four annual sessions, the Council has promulgated sixteen decrees. According to the official record-keepers, some twenty-five hundred Council Fathers cast a total of a million two hundred thousand individual ballots on the various texts put to them, and they wrote some six thousand speeches, of which fourteen hundred were delivered on the Council floor. It was not the longest Council in the history of the Church—the Council of Trent holds the record, of eighteen years—but it was beyond question the most important religious event this century has yet seen. At the beginning, Pope John declared the Council's twofold purpose to be *aggiornamento*, or the updating, of the Roman Catholic Church, and the promotion of Christian unity. The former purpose has been carried out to a considerable, though not complete, extent by the sixteen decrees, whose implementation represents the work that has only started. To symbolize the second purpose, Pope Paul in the closing days of the Council, despite protests from some Council Fathers, decided to hold a historic religious ceremony. On Saturday, December 4th, at the basilica of St. Paul's Outside the Walls, the Pope joined in an interfaith prayer service with a group of Orthodox, Protestant, and other non-Catholic churchmen who have been attending the Council as observer delegates. Many Council Fathers attended (it was not open to the public), but it was the first time that any Pope had ever participated in an interdenominational religious service. It consisted of prayers, psalms, lessons from Scripture, and hymns. The lesson in English was read by Dr. Albert C. Outler, professor of theology at Southern Methodist University, in Dallas; the lesson in French was read by Father Pierre Michalon, a Catholic priest and a Council theologian; the lesson in Greek was read by the Archimandrite Maximos Aghiorgoussis, rector of the Greek Orthodox parish church in Rome. The hymn "Now Thank We All Our God," in which all joined in English, was written by the seventeenth-century German Lutheran composer Johann Crüger. Later, Pope Paul received each of the observer delegates in the same room of the adjoining Benedictine monastery in which Pope John in 1959 first announced his idea of the Council to a group of cardinals, who greeted the news in total silence. In the course of a moving talk, delivered in French, Paul said, "We would like to have you with us always." He said that the Council had shown that reunion would eventually be achieved "gradually, loyally, and generously." In a passage that particularly impressed his hearers, he acknowledged that there had been "failures" on the part of Catholics in the past, referring to the now outmoded polemical approach to reunion and to insistence on matters of prestige. He assured them that henceforth the Roman Catholic Church would be guided by the spirit of charity proclaimed by the Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul. As a sign, he pointed to the fact that the Council had issued no "anathemas but only invitations." He concluded with the hope that the Council would "cause us all to recognize the blessed door of Truth." As one of the Protestant observers commented, "It was one of the most impressive moments of the whole Council."

The Orthodox had their turn three days later. In St. Peter's, a joint declaration by the Pope and the Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople, Athenagoras I, was read out, and in it the Roman and the Orthodox Churches "consigned to oblivion" the centuries-old excommunications that had poisoned relations between them. That same day in Istanbul, at the patriarchal cathedral, Athenagoras I presented the papal delegation, headed by Cardinal Shehan, of Baltimore, with an annulment of the excommunication of Cardinal Humbert, the legate of Leo IX, in 1054. In Rome, when Metropolitan Meliton of Heliopolis, the representative of Patriarch Athenagoras, received the brief that formally annulled the excommunication of the eleventh-century Patriarch Michael Caerularius, he was embraced by Pope Paul in the kiss of peace with the words "*Pax tecum*" ("Peace unto you"). Turning to go back to his place, the Metropolitan was greeted by a storm of applause from the Council. At the same time, the aged Melchite Patriarch Maximos IV of Antioch rose from his place among the Council Fathers and went over to the Orthodox observers to exchange the kiss of peace with all of them.

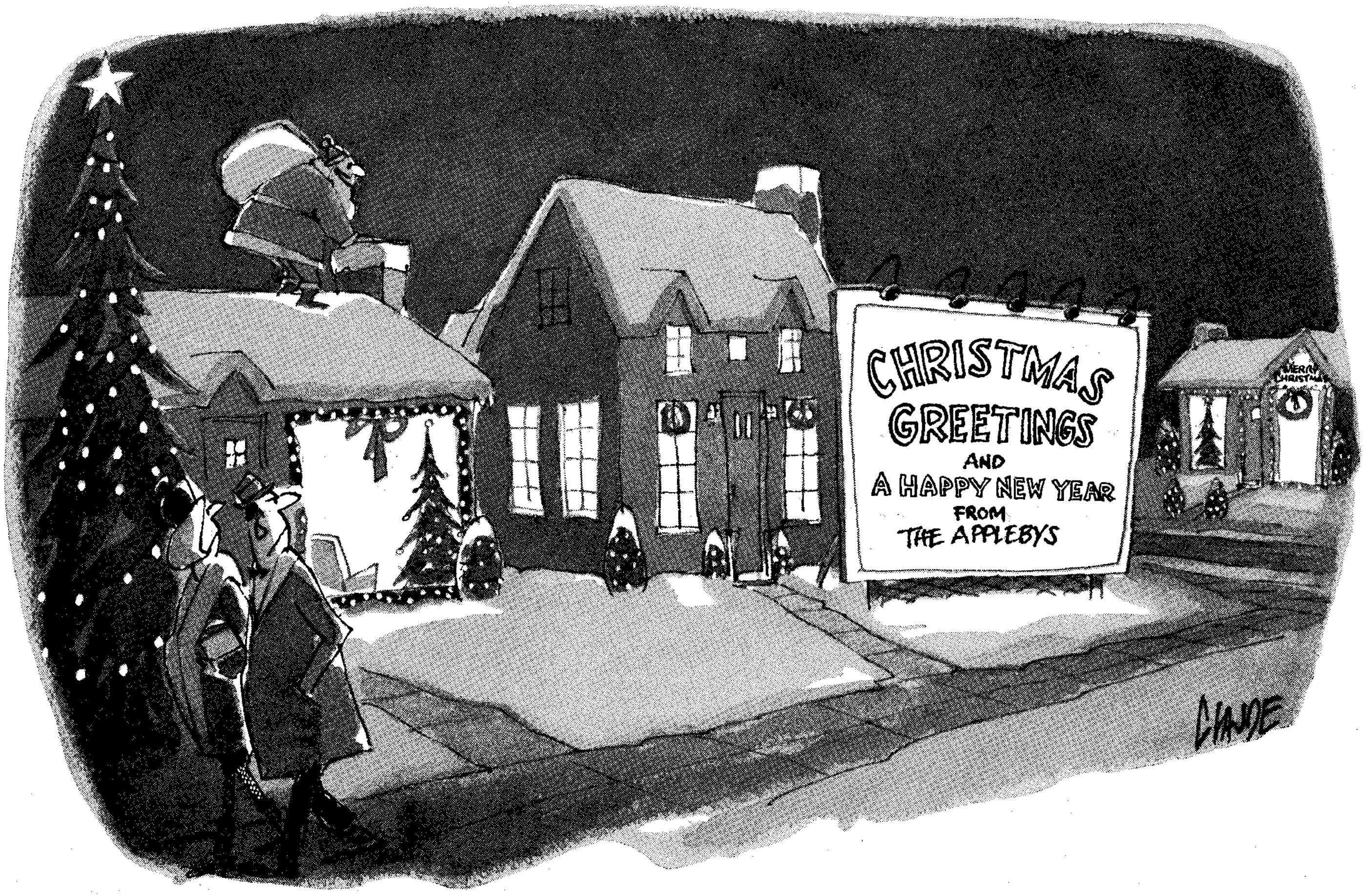
ON September 14th, when the fourth session convened, there was little to foreshadow this serene and confident climate. The Council Fathers had, after all, departed from Rome in disappointment the previous year, after the final "Black Week" of the third session, when Pope Paul withdrew the declaration on religious freedom from voting. Now, to open the new session, the Pope entered St. Peter's on foot, carrying the very modern-looking staff—a long, slender, dull-metal crucifix—that he later brought to New York and used at the Mass at Yankee Stadium. It was not until the end of the Pope's speech that the bishops sat up attentively, and then applause swept through the basilica. The Pope was announcing that he would establish the long-awaited Synod of Bishops to assist him with the government of the Church—a most important step, which would strengthen the doctrine of collegiality proclaimed last year. And the very next day, at the first business session of the Council, the bishops, while they were still hurrying to their appointed places, heard the resonant voice of Secretary General Archbishop Felici announce that the Pope was arriving. Seating himself in the central chair at the Presidents' table (henceforth left in place as tangible evidence of his intention to take a firmer hold of the proceedings), the Pope listened while Archbishop Felici read the text of the decree creating the Synod. Nobody had expected this to happen so soon, for the conciliar document that proposed the setting up of such a body had not yet been formally voted on. The feature of the Synod that attracted the most attention was the provision that the majority of its members were to be elected by the various "episcopal conferences"—as the national and regional groups of bishops are called—the Pope reserving for himself the right to appoint no more than fifteen per cent of the membership. Particularly pleasing to bishops of the Eastern Rite and to the ecumenical-minded was the provision that Oriental patriarchs were all to be ex-officio members, whereas the cardinals were to be represented not as a body but only by the heads of the various congregations of the Roman Curia. By way of testing the machinery of consultation before the Synod was actually organized, Pope Paul put a number of questions to the episcopal conferences then gathered in Rome. The bishops were asked, for instance, to express their desires on a revision of the laws governing fasting and abstinence. (Eventual positive action on this proposal could mean that the traditional rule of no meat on Friday would finally be abolished for most of the faithful.) There was also discussion of indulgences—the issue that had sparked Luther's Reformation—but this was abruptly terminated by Secretary General Felici when it became apparent that the bishops were not content to accept the thinking of the Curia and were raising awkward questions about the theology of indulgences. Some suspect that Pope Paul deliberately allowed this "debate" to open the way for an eventual overhaul of the whole question by the Synod.

The first turning point of the final session was the Pope's intervention to resolve the Council's impasse over the much debated declaration on religious liberty. His action gave new courage to the majority and was in sharp contrast with his refusal to act on this important document the year before. The new crisis developed over whether there would be a preliminary vote accepting a revised version of the declaration as a basis for the final text. Without such a vote, it would have been possible for the minority—who made a strong attack during the four days of debate on this subject—to emasculate the text, and possibly even kill it as far as the present Council was concerned. A number of conservative bishops, including some cardinals, petitioned the Pope not to allow a vote and to turn the document over to a new subcommission—most particularly, not to Cardinal Bea's Secretariat for Christian Unity, which had drafted the original text—so that it could be rewritten along the lines they desired. Very much was at stake. In a sense, the success or failure of the Council depended on this document, for many people, including almost every one of the Protestant observers and the American bishops, regarded a strong statement on behalf of religious liberty as one of the touchstones by which the Council would be judged. An air of gloomy foreboding and suspense prevailed on the night of Monday, September 20th, when it became known that the top echelons of the Council had met that afternoon and had decided by a narrow majority *not* to present the text on religious liberty for a vote. (Some said that the measure had lost by a vote of sixteen to nine.) Cardinal Spellman, one of those present, emerged from the meeting in obvious anger, and Cardinal Shehan, of Baltimore, reportedly went to see the Pope to protest.

The next morning, at the Council



"Hi! I'm Greg Holbrook, born in L.A., now live in Stamford with my wife and three kids, went to school at Exeter, graduated Yale '38, did a two-year hitch in the Navy, now write copy for McCann-Erickson, my hobbies are tennis and sailing. Who are you and what do you do?"

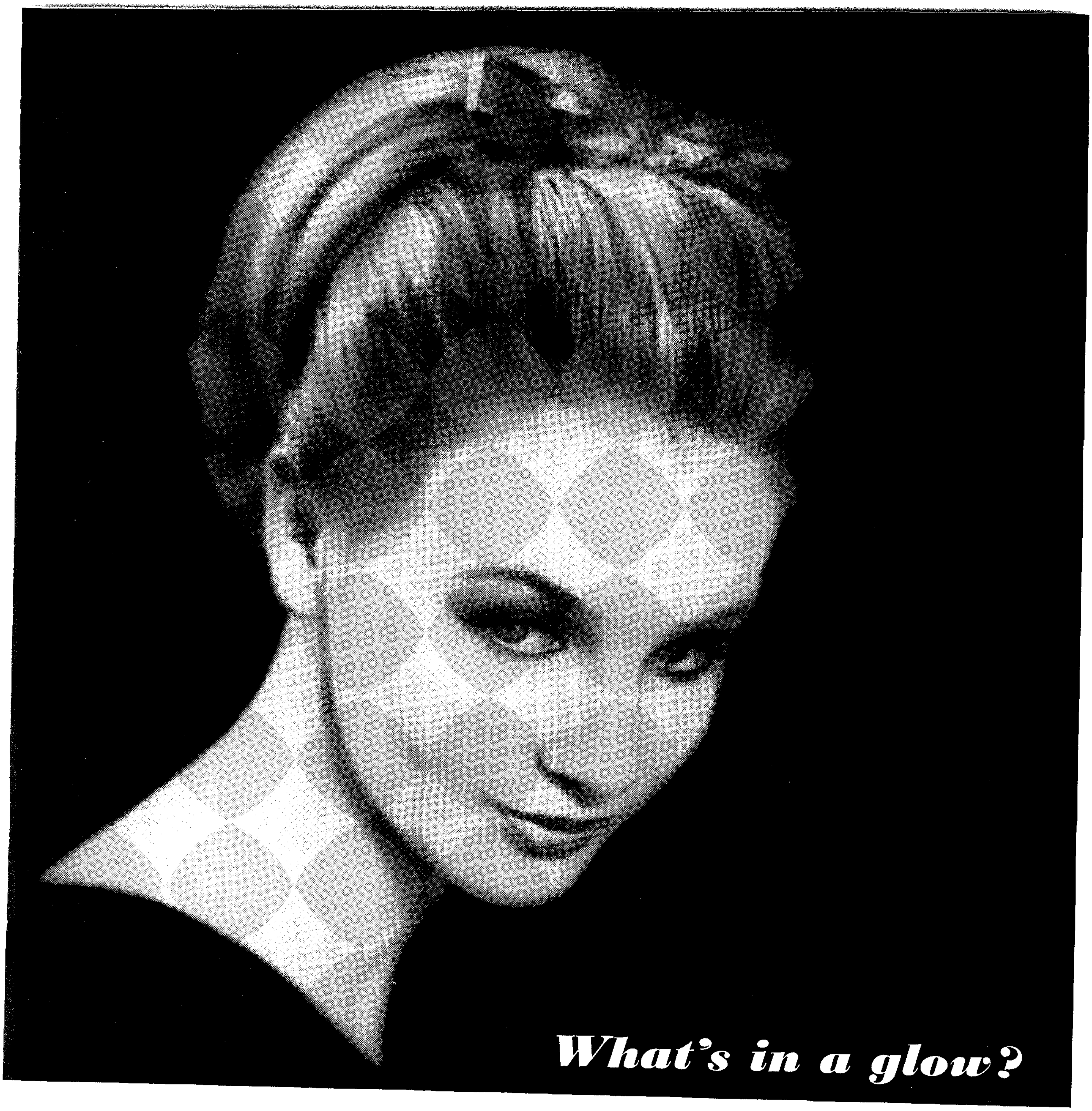

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE APPLEBYS
MERRY CHRISTMAS
CLAUDE

• •

session, the bishops were naturally astonished when Archbishop Felici announced that a secret ballot would be taken immediately on whether to accept the declaration on religious liberty as the basis for a final text. The results were 1,997 in favor and 224 opposed, amounting to a landslide for the progressives. The Council had sailed over its first major hurdle. What had happened overnight was that the Pope had taken counsel with a number of advisers, who pointed out that he could not possibly go before the United Nations on October 4th to plead for peace and a respect for human dignity if no clear-cut stand had been taken on religious liberty. He seems also to have been impressed by the words of the exiled Cardinal Josef Beran, of Prague, who said on the Council floor, "From the very moment when freedom of conscience was radically restricted in my country, I witnessed not only the grave dangers to the faith but also the serious temptations toward hypocrisy and other moral vices that oppression of conscience brings in its wake." (Cardinal Beran went on to make the memorable statement that his country was perhaps now making painful expiation for such sins against freedom of conscience as the burning of John Hus in the fifteenth century and the enforced re-Catholicization of the Bohemian people in the seventeenth century under the Hapsburgs.) The Pope is also understood to have had a hand in drafting the carefully worded proposition by which the matter was put to a vote. His continuing support of "the American schema," as the declaration on religious liberty was called at the Council, brought about its eventual acceptance on December 7th, the final business day, by a vote of 2,308 for and 70 against.

THAT the Pope became very much aware of the rising tide of criticism against him in the period between the third and fourth sessions of the Council was shown by the unprecedented interviews that he and other high officials of the Vatican and Curia gave in October to Alberto Cavallari, an Italian journalist writing for the liberal *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, which has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Italy. The series has caused something of a sensation, because none of the officials concerned—such as Secretary of State Cardinal Cicognani; Archbishops Samorè and dell'Acqua, the two Under-Secretaries of State; Cardinal Roberti, head of the Papal Commission for the Reorganization of the Curia; Cardinal Agagianian, head of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith; and Cardinal Bea, head of the Secretariat for Christian Unity—are normally available for interviews, at least for direct quotation, while the Pope himself is never available.

"Come over here. Sit down in this comfortable chair. We can talk better," Cavallari reported that the Pope said to him. "I know you want to talk about the Vatican. Many people are trying to understand and study us these days. Quite a few books have been written about the Holy See and the Council. Some of them are quite well written, too." The trouble was, the Pope said, that too many people were insisting the Church thought this and that without taking the trouble to find out what the Church really thought. "After all," he went on, "our opinion should count for something when it comes to religion." He admitted that it was at times difficult for an outsider to understand what was going on in the Church, adding, "Even the Pope, I can assure you, sometimes has difficulty understanding what is going on." What the Church was really doing, the Pope explained, was to become many-sided and flexible, so that it could reflect the world of today better and its message could be better understood. He compared the Council's work to the plowing up of fallow land in order to bring to light what has remained hidden and make it more productive. "The plow, of


What's in a glow?

could be love...could be

Superglow Fluid Make-Up

The make-up that has a built-in glow from "Lumium", Monteil's patented light-reflector. It's the lightest, brightest, liveliest make-up you can wear.

Germaine Monteil

MUIRHEAD'S
SCOTCH

Mr. Muirhead brings it over in barrels* to save you up to $2 a fifth.

*you save on taxes and shipping costs

MUIRHEAD'S
LIGHT-LIGHT SCOTCH

IMPORTED
MUIRHEAD'S
1824
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80 AND 86 PROOF, DISTRIBUTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

course, encounters stones—that is, resistance, problems. It was our predecessor's task to put the plow into the ground. The task of driving it forward has now fallen to our poor hands." It would be a mistake, he pointed out, to think that because discussion is now going on in the Church—both inside and outside the Council—the Church is falling to pieces. "Fortunately, there is no crisis in the Church," he assured Cavallari. "Even the formation of two parties—the so-called progressives and non-progressives—is not a sign of disloyalty to the Church. The discussions have all been for the good of the Church. There have been no signs of defections or internal dissension." He then added, with a tone of finality, "If there were such signs, as many people say there are, you can be sure that the Pope would be worried and would say so clearly. This is what the Pope is for!"

Soon after Pope Paul's accession, in 1963, it was rather naïvely charged that his one desire was to close the Council as speedily as possible, because it showed signs of causing a revolution that he could not support. Actually, it was because of the Pope's insistence that the bishops—and particularly those in the minority camp—be allowed all possible leeway in expressing themselves that the Council lasted as long as it did. The final session was also prolonged because the ultraconservatives put up a dogged fight every inch of the way, with all available weapons—deluging the Pope with petitions, blocking action in committees, issuing manifestoes—in the hope of winning concessions in the final texts, however slight. They probably did not number more than three hundred of the twenty-five hundred Council Fathers—a relatively insignificant figure but one whose effectiveness was frequently enhanced by their joining with splinter groups from the majority. The foremost of the ultraconservative pressure groups was the International Committee of Fathers. It was led by Archbishop Geraldo de Proença Sigaud, of Diamantina, Brazil; Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, the French Superior General of the Holy Ghost Fathers; and the indomitable Bishop Luigi Carli, of Segni, Italy. (Their persistence and fanaticism won them the nickname of *Carlifatti.*) At the start of the session, when Archbishop de Proença Sigaud sent out notices to all the bishops inviting them to receive the group's literature, he received some eight hundred replies, but it is estimated that the group had only about a hundred hard-core followers. During the session, for the first time, one of the priest-ushers in the Council was fired by Archbishop Felici for distributing to the Fathers an anti-Semitic tract by Bishop Carli.

A FEW days before his departure for New York on October 4th to speak at the United Nations, Pope Paul VI asked, "Who knows whether we will carry it off well or badly before so many people?" Not only did he carry it off extremely well, as everyone knows, but his visit turned out to be something of a personal triumph for him. At one minute past noon on Tuesday, October 5th, word reached the convened Fathers that his Boeing 707 had touched down at Rome's Fiumicino Airport. Exactly forty-six minutes later, the great bells of St. Peter's tolled as his black Mercedes rolled up to the steps in front of the main door of the basilica in St. Peter's Square. Smiling jubilantly, as if it were the most casual thing in the world for a Pope to travel halfway around the globe and back in thirty hours, he alighted from the car. Then he quickly mounted the red-carpeted steps, to be greeted by the Cardinal Presidents and Moderators in St. Peter's portico, in a reunion happily devoid of the usual protocol. Briskly walking up the center aisle as the bishops applauded vigorously from their tiered seats on either side, he took his place at the center of the Presidents' table. Aware that the morning's session had already been prolonged in order to receive him, he rose at once to give his address but sat down again when Cardinal Liénart, of Lille, indicated that he wished to say a few words of greeting. The Pope patiently heard him out, then delivered his own brief talk in a businesslike manner, stepped down from the podium, and, with a gesture of greeting to the Protestant and Orthodox observers in their tribune at the left, and with a final lifting of his arms, hurriedly left the basilica by a side door.

The following day, in a general audience, he explained exactly why he had undertaken such an arduous journey. "There has been much propaganda about peace in recent years, but frequently it has not been very convincing," he said. "We felt the need to take up this great theme, to try to get it considered in the light of Christian principles and make everybody more aware of it." The negotiations over

48 HOURS LATER IT WAS HANDLING TELEPHONE CALLS.

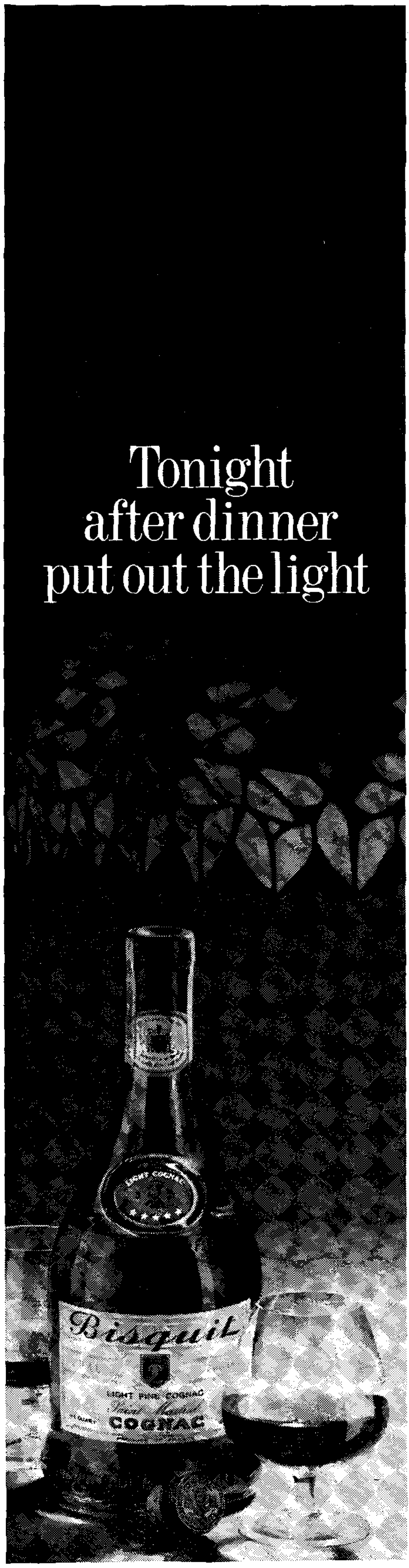
The tornadoes that swept across five Midwestern states on a Sunday afternoon last April left a trail of chaos. Among the wreckage was Bell telephone equipment that served thousands of people. The community dial office in Russiaville, Indiana, for example, was almost totally destroyed.

Almost before the winds had died down, Bell System teams were at work restoring communications to the hard-hit regions. Western Electric installers worked around the clock with Bell telephone company emergency crews. Equipment was flown in from as far away as the West Coast. Temporary phone service in Russiaville and throughout the devastated areas was restored within hours. Permanent reconstruction was under way within a few days.

Such teamwork comes naturally to Western Electric people. It's our normal way of operating as the manufacturing unit of the Bell System. Has been, since 1882. It is just such teamwork that has built the unified nationwide Bell System communications network.

Western Electric works closely with the people at Bell Telephone Laboratories, designers of much of the equipment we make. And we work as closely with the Bell telephone companies, furnishing and installing central office equipment. This is one of the reasons the Bell System is able to bring you the finest telephone service on earth.

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



Bisquit Saint Martial
the light Cognac

Aged in barrels of flawless oak and carefully blended for a lighter, gentler, more natural taste in Cognac. Savour it neat or with a dash of soda. Really quite a distinctive light taste in Cognac. Bisquit® Saint Martial Cognac.
80 PROOF. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

the trip had been long and difficult. Last January, Secretary-General U Thant, after reading the Pope's appeal for peace during his visit to India late in 1964, extended an invitation to him on behalf of the United Nations. Since there was no precedent for such a visit, difficulties arose over the protocol of receiving the Pope. Was he to be received as the head of Vatican City or as the head of the Catholic Church? The Secretary-General replied that he intended to receive him as Pope Paul VI, thus brushing aside an apparently insoluble dilemma. Then there was the opposition to the trip put up by members of the Curia, particularly those in the Secretariat of State. It was not so much the old-fashioned view of "It is enough for the Church to speak from Rome and wait for men to come to it," or the belief that it was undignified for the Pope to become involved in the political melee, as it was concern about unpredictable political consequences. In addition, there was a struggle between Monsignor Alberto Giovannetti, the Pope's representative at the U.N., and the Chancery of the Archdiocese of New York over control of the visit. Giovannetti and the U.N. officials were anxious not to allow the political overtones to get out of hand; the Chancery was equally anxious to have the Archdiocese perform the role of host with regard to the religious aspects of the visit, and that is one of the reasons the outdoor Mass was held at Yankee Stadium, in the Archdiocese of New York, rather than at Shea Stadium, outside the Archdiocese. President Johnson was eager to meet the Pope at Kennedy International Airport, but this was ruled out as implying that the Pope had come to see *him* rather than in response to the U.N. invitation; the meeting with the President, though it was desired, had to be kept as informal and last-minute as possible.

The speech to the U.N. was broadcast over European television, and it made a deep impression here. So did Walter Lippmann's analysis of it when it arrived, this passage being said to have pleased the Pope especially: "No one who heard him attentively, or will read him now, can fail to realize that he was speaking a different language from that which is current and conventional. In fact, the Pope, who is without pride and has nothing to fear, was thinking what is unthinkable for so many, and he was saying it out loud. . . . [He] reached the climax of his message, so it seemed to me, when he declared that the root of evil in this angry, hostile and quarrelling world 'is pride, no matter how legitimate it may seem to be.' . . . We shall have heard the Pope's message when we have taken those words to heart." This message was indeed different and unconventional, not only for statesmen but for those American bishops and priests who have expressed scorn for the U.N. in their diocesan newspapers, and different also for many of their parishioners who have agreed with them.

THE Pope's remarks to the Council on November 18th about the reform of the Curia and, more recently, his Motu Proprio reforming the Holy Office make it obvious that what he plans for this body is not a revolution but a gradual conversion. As he himself said, "The desired transformation will seem slow and partial, but it cannot be otherwise if due respect is to be had for persons and traditions. But this transformation will surely come." As if to put teeth into these last words, on December 6th, two days before the Council ended, he published the long-awaited new statute for the Holy Office. Not only has that formidable office been given a new name—the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith—but it is henceforth to be oriented not so much toward the repression and condemnation of error as toward the fostering and positive study of "new questions and opinions." It has been enjoined specifically to adopt a more positive attitude toward international theological congresses, and to establish closer ties with the Pontifical Biblical Commission—in other words, to abandon its obstructive attitude toward modern theology and theologians. The new office is also to make wider use of consultants throughout the world (no longer relying exclusively on theologians resident in Rome) and is to accord those who have been accused of error in matters of faith the opportunity of defending themselves. Two of the men who have suffered greatly at the hands of the Holy Office in recent years—Fathers John Courtney Murray, of the United States, and Henri de Lubac, of France, both of them Council *periti* and Jesuits—were pointedly invited by Pope Paul to concelebrate with him at a public session of the Council on November 18th, and the latter also dined with the Pope on the eve of the publication of the Holy Office decree. Although other details about the

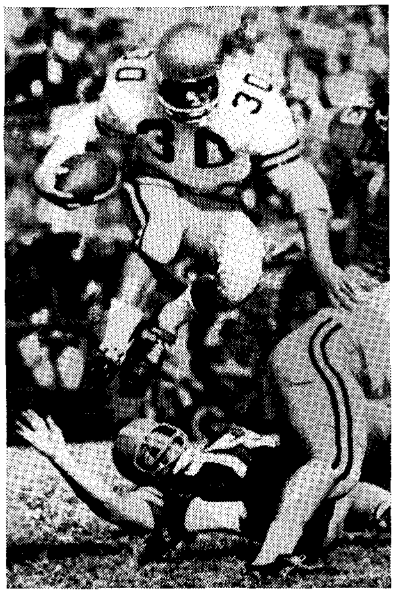
IS NBC SPORTS HAVING ITSELF A BOWL?

You bet. Not just *one* Bowl, but lots of them.

The happy fact of the matter is that in this holiday season—as in the past—the NBC Television Network is televising more championship football than any other network.

What's more, just about all the action will be in color. It's the kind of sports colorcasting achieved only through the skill, experience and facilities of NBC—the only fully-manned, fully-equipped, first-quality network color service.

Between our coverage of the American Football League's title game and the same league's All-Star contest, we're televising the very best and most famous of the post-season *college* games.



The collegiate action begins Dec. 31 with the East-West Shrine Game in San Francisco. Next day (New Year's Day), NBC viewers will have choice seats for the Sugar Bowl, the Rose Bowl, and the Orange Bowl. Finally—one week later—we'll be televising the Senior Bowl. All the telecasts—with the exception of the Shrine contest—are in color.

As the number one sports network, the NBC Television Network carried *all ten* of 1965's most popular sports specials—a top-ten that included the World Series and *last* January's major Bowl classics.

This is the network, too, which boasts such attractions as championship golf and the weekly NBC Sports in Action.

Finally, it's the network which will be televising—exclusively and in color—a special Major League baseball game each week of the 1966 season.

With this new development—and the colorcasts of the World Series and All-Star games—NBC will be supplying the most elaborate baseball coverage in network history.

Sports, color, NBC...is there a combination in television to match it?

NBC SPORTS

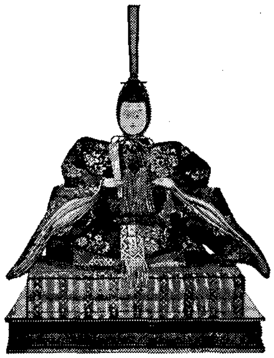
QUALITY–DIVERSITY–POPULARITY...ALL THIS AND COLOR, TOO

IMPERIAL HOSPITALITY
a Tokyo tradition enjoyed by distinguished travelers for 75 years

The time: before the turn of the century, during the twenty-third year of the reign of the Emperor Meiji. The occasion: the Imperial is established as the first hotel in Japan to cater to the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests.

*Today, the Imperial continues to offer international travelers every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort—*plus *a 75-year tradition of hospitality unique among Tokyo hotels.*

Small wonder you recognize the Imperial touch as you dine, relax, and shop amidst the hotel's elegant facilities. For the passing years have refined Imperial hospitality to a gracious art . . . an art which will make your stay in Japan truly Imperial.



IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

projected reform of the Curia have not yet been made public, it is known from interviews with Cardinal Roberti, president of the papal commission in charge of Curial reform, and from other officials that greater use will be made of laymen and that a separate congregation will probably be established staffed largely by them. There is also talk that an age limit may be set for the heads of certain offices, and that some key positions will no longer be for life. Finally, the cardinals and heads of various offices may be summoned to meet regularly with the Pope in a kind of ecclesiastical cabinet. Nothing of the kind exists at the present time. Instead, such coördination as there is has been in the hands of an unholy interlocking "directorate" of Holy Office men. It is understood that when Pope Paul invited the aged heads of Curial offices to resign last spring, several of them, including Cardinal Giuseppe Pizzardo, obstructionist head of the crucial Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, replied that they were prepared to serve him unto death. That is why the Pope is now seriously considering making all top positions temporary.

An example of the dilemma that Pope Paul is constantly facing in his attempt to please both sides is what his attitude toward Italy should be—a subject on which new light was thrown by the interview with Cavallari. "We are frequently asked to speak on the subject of Italy, but this is a very difficult topic," the Pope said. "If we say something, people accuse us of interfering in Italian affairs. If we don't say anything, they allege that the Pope does not have the courage to say what he thinks." Except for rebuttals of the contentions of the Left, the whole subject of the relations between the Holy See and Italy is normally taboo in the Christian Democratic and Rightist press here—hence the utter novelty of the Pope's remarks. The main contention of the Left is that the Vatican has interfered in Italian politics. The Pope cut this short by saying, "From time to time, of course, we have intervened. We have done so only because religious and moral problems require our intervention." Then he added, "But this does not mean that the Pope is in *favor* of intervening, or that he wants to treat Italian Catholics any differently from other Catholics." After a few cryptic references to the basic moral problem that exists in Italy in spite of obvious prosperity, he touched on the larger and thornier issue of Church-state relations, which are still based on the Concordat signed in 1929 with Mussolini's government. This treaty, which is still the law of the land, proclaims Catholicism the *religion* of the state, and sanctions an inextricably close relationship between Italy and the Vatican—a relationship that dominates almost every phase of Italian life. Divorce, for example, has been ruled out in Italy because canon law forbids it. The ruling Christian Democratic Party, along with the Right generally, has tended to regard the Concordat as inviolable, and the assumption has always been that this was the will of the Vatican. "We find ourselves in a delicate position," the Pope admitted, referring to the Church. "Our relationship is made difficult by the fact that we are in Italy. We know that, from this point of view, we are a problem for Italians. Sometimes we are an embarrassment even for those who wish to help us. But we are both living here together and find that our interests do not coincide. It is frequently embarrassing for the Church to have its feet on the ground." He then went on to say that a "solution" must be found involving mutual respect, with each side keeping to its own sphere.

The reaction to this of the Rome rightist daily *Il Tempo*, not noted for the consistency of its editorial policy, was that the Pope seemed to be undermining the very foundations of the Italian state. In any event, it is clear that Pope Paul has given considerable thought to Church-state relations and is quietly pursuing a policy of disengagement (*disimpegno*), and even de-Italianization, in the interest of the universal mission of the papacy. Here the emphasis seems to be shifting slightly from the Pope's role as Bishop of Rome to his role as Universal Shepherd. If this transition were to become really effective, it would have immeasurable advantages. Whenever any part of the Italian Church becomes involved in scandal, public opinion here assumes that the Vatican is somehow implicated, and the cause of religion suffers accordingly. For example, Italians are now asking themselves what the implications are of the recent trial and condemnation of certain Capuchin monks in a monastery near Rome who were found guilty of smuggling cigarettes (a state monopoly in Italy), though they were acquitted of the charge of having been responsible for the death of one man and the severe injuring of another. It is also easy to elicit Italian sarcasm on the interesting subject of Vatican finances, about which articles appear from time to time without shedding much light on them. The veil was lifted slightly when the Italian Minister of Finance declared recently that the Vatican had paid part of the 1962 taxes it owed, amounting to three and a half billion lire, on dividends from Italian investments. However, since the tax was paid only on dividends cashed, not on the total sum payable to the Vatican, it was impossible to estimate the total value of Vatican holdings in Italian investments. Obviously, neither the Italian government nor the Vatican was yet ready to publish the true figures, but it is likely that some thought is being given by Vatican authorities to the advantages of public disclosure. The problem for the Vatican, as one prelate expressed it, has always been not to appear either too rich or too poor.

One of the ways in which the Pope has been quietly promoting a policy of change in Italy has been through his appointments. The new Archbishop of Turin, Michele Pellegrino, who had been a rather obscure professor of Christian literature in the Turin seminary, has rarely opened his mouth since his appointment without causing something of a stir, and those in the know have now begun to whisper that Pellegrino will be Pope someday. On the floor of the Council, in a fervent plea for freedom of research, he publicly deplored the harassment of individuals, particularly scholars and theologians, that accompanied the repressive regime of the Holy Office. "Certain theologians were formerly banished who are today Council experts," he observed caustically. At a press conference sponsored by the Council Press Office shortly before the end of the Council, he called for a closer dialogue between the Church and the world of modern culture, and suggested that it might not be long before women were allowed to attend courses given by theological faculties in Italy on the same footing as men. Observers were struck once again by the sharp contrasts that abound here, for even as Archbishop Pellegrino was welcoming women to the theological faculties, a writer in *L'Osservatore Romano* was dismissing the possibility that women could ever be admitted to the Catholic priesthood. (Henri de Lubac expressed the opinion earlier that there were no theological objections as such.)

FEW Council documents have aroused as much controversy or been followed with such close interest as the

LONG JOHN
Long John
Light
SCOTCH
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
DISTILLED AND BLENDED IN SCOTLAND
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES, GLASGOW

SCOTCH BLENDED WHISKY, 86 PROOF · IMPORTED BY LONG JOHN IMPORTING CO., N.Y. ©

Grown, Germinated, Malted, Dried, Crushed, Brewed, Cooled, Yeasted, Fermented, Distilled, Extracted, Casked, Matured, Blended, Vatted, Married in Scotland, and enjoyed everywhere in the world.

Long John
SCOTCH WHISKY

The Scotch they drink in Scotland

When words fail you, Classic Cologne won't

Classic is to Cologne what Caesar is to the art of war or Casanova to the art of love. It's formulated in Italy, where they know what appeals to men, and what makes men appeal to women. How will this flask of Mediterranean moonlight work for you? Just spray some on and you'll do as the Romans do. 6.00
Quiet inspiration: Arden for Men Foam Shaving Cream. 1.75

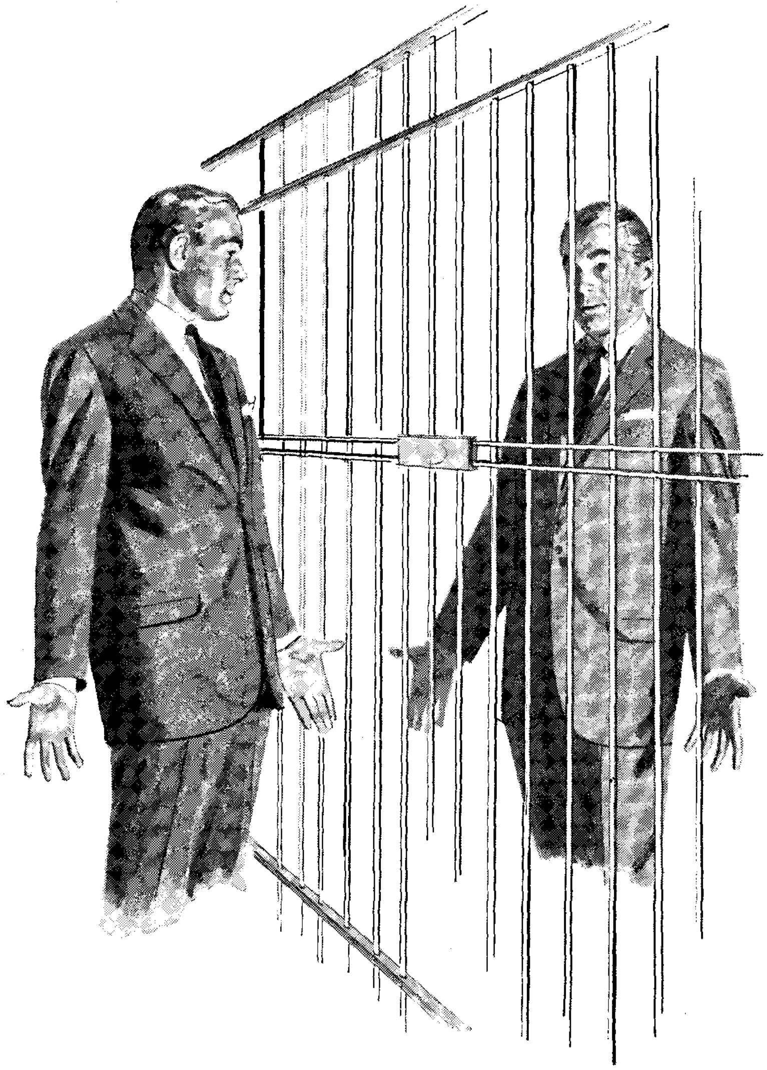
arden
for men
1 East 54th Street, New York

ARDEN for MEN
ROSPRAY
SSIC COLOG

famous declaration on the Jews, now incorporated in a broader declaration on relations with non-Christians, including Hindus, Buddhists, and Moslems. Although the broader declaration is destined to become the Magna Carta of the newly formed Secretariat for Relations with Non-Christian Religions, under Cardinal Marella, it is the original declaration that public attention has been almost exclusively fixed on. Its history has been stormy. It originated as an idea of Pope John XXIII, who created the Secretariat for Christian Unity, presided over by Cardinal Bea. A suitable text was written early in 1961 and was presented that May to the Central Commission, which was empowered to decide what texts were to be discussed at the opening session of the Council. Bowing to pressure not only from Arab states but from reactionary forces in the Church, the Commission refused to accept the draft. So nothing was done about it during the first session. In December, 1962, after Pope John had recovered from his illness, he had Cardinal Bea revise the document, and gave the revision his approval. To avoid objections from a new reviewing body, it was decided to annex the document to the schema "On Ecumenism." When this came up for discussion at the second session, under Pope Paul, it was suddenly announced, just as Cardinal Bea was preparing to introduce the text, that the discussion would have to be postponed until the next session because of "lack of time." Pressure had again been exerted from the usual quarters. When the text actually reached the floor of the Council, at the third session, it was so altered that Archbishop Heenan, of Westminster, one of the members of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, declared it to be virtually unrecognizable. The approval of this bastardized text—to the extent that he did approve it—was probably Pope Paul's greatest tactical mistake. After two days of debate, it became clear that the previous text would have to be restored. The final version represents a compromise with the restored version, which was approved for submission to the Council on November 20, 1964. The passage rejecting the charge of "deicide" was strengthened, though the word itself was omitted. While the restored version both "deplored and condemned" hatred and persecution of Jews, the final version merely "deplores" them, but it does inveigh against "displays of anti-Semitism directed against Jews," this time mentioning the word "anti-Semitism" explicitly. While the old version warned Christians not to teach anything that could give rise to hatred and persecution of Jews, the final text urges them not to teach "anything inconsistent with the truth of the Gospel and with the spirit of Christ."

It was a foregone conclusion that the document would win a majority when it was put to a vote on October 14th and 15th, the only question being whether three groups—those disappointed by the omission of the word "deicide;" Bishop Carli's followers, who opposed the declaration on theological grounds; and those who felt that there were still political objections—would be able to register enough *non-placet* votes to impair the unanimity with which Council texts are supposed to be approved. As usual, the Fathers were deluged with literature beforehand. Bishop Carli's group urged *non-placet* votes on the grounds that the declaration favored indifferentism by tending to regard all religions as being on the same level, that it would retard the "conversion of the Gentiles," and that it would put an end to missionary work. One of the most violent pamphlets was a four-page affair signed by thirty-one so-called Catholic organizations, most of which promptly disavowed any connection with it; it turned out to be a hoax, concocted by a Latin-American crank. So much tension had been generated, however, that the authorities naturally took seriously an anonymous letter received by Cardinal Marella from a person threatening—half in French and half in German—to blow up St. Peter's and the whole Council if the Jewish document was voted. Extra police were detailed to guard the building. Except for a resounding crash when some workmen's scaffolding collapsed, the voting proceeded smoothly, and the result—1,763 *placet* and 250 *non placet*—insured that the document would be promulgated. Many bishops who disliked the omission of the word "deicide" nevertheless voted for the text, because they feared that too large a negative vote would cause the Pope to withdraw the document. They considered that the present document was better than no document at all. As one of the *periti* involved in the drafting of the various versions put the matter, "If it had not been for the publicity surrounding the previous versions, the

"Locked In"— or Out?



The investor who says, "I am locked in—my profits are so large I can't afford to sell and pay the taxes," will do well to take a fresh look. He may be following his emotions rather than logic.

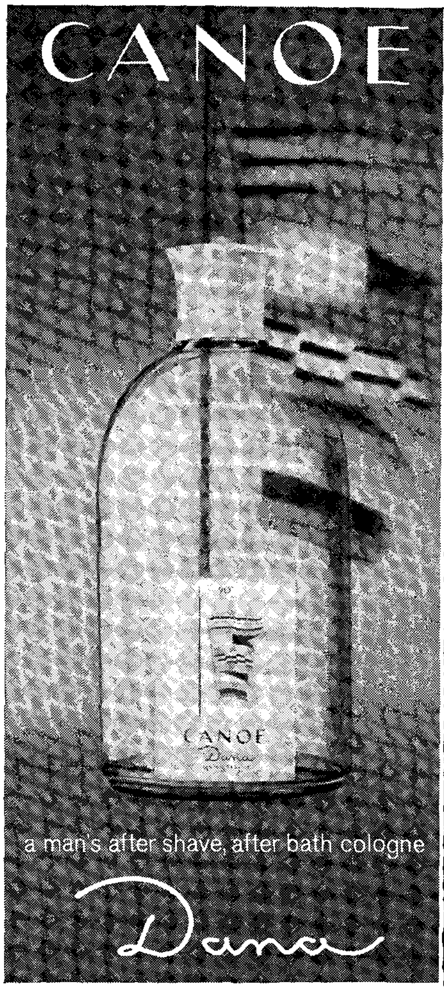
If the stocks that he owns are not the best for his purpose, he is locking himself *out* of the greater benefits he could obtain by replacing his present holdings.

The question of profit-taking is part of a larger picture: it involves investment objectives, family, and estate considerations. A discussion with the Trust Company could "unlock" the situation and lead to profitable action.

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

45 Wall Street • Telephone 425-4500


CANOE

a man's after shave, after bath cologne
Dana
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best
Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.
HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel

Maharas

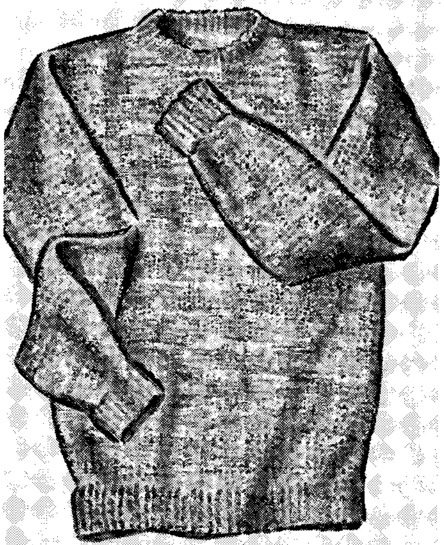
in Cleveland for superb
CHATEAUBRIAND STEAK
and "THAT" SALAD
Convenient to Motels and Hotels

present text would probably be regarded as excellent."

APART from religious liberty, the subject that caused the biggest stir during the final session of the Council was Schema 13, "On the Church in the World Today." Covering seventy-four pages in the English version, it purports to speak the Council's mind on a number of weighty problems not fully or adequately dealt with in other Council texts. The subjects include the role of man in the world today, the role of the Church, the dignity of marriage, economic and social inequalities, the advancement of culture, and international peace. Dorothy Day, an inveterate pacifist and campaigner for social justice, has well described its contents as "bits and pieces of ideas gathered from everywhere," adding, "I'm not sure that the bishops realize that the text takes in all points of view. At times, it seems contradictory. That explains why there are such varied reactions." As another commentator put it, the Church had explained its raison d'être in the schema "De Ecclesia," and Schema 13 was intended to define its *agir*, or mode of action.

The debate on Part I of the document soon narrowed down to an intense discussion of just one short paragraph, on the problem of atheism, which had been inserted to satisfy the demands of numerous bishops who wanted a clear statement condemning both atheism and Communism. The new text was carefully drafted in such a way as to avoid excessive condemnation while putting emphasis on what was lacking in atheism. No mention was made of Communism at all. The position of moderation taken by the subcommission that drafted the text was naturally supported by those who felt, like Patriarch Maximos IV and Cardinal Koenig, of Vienna, that "Christians have had a large responsibility for the rise and spread of atheism." The Patriarch said, "Condemning Marxism cannot save humanity from atheism. Rather, we must denounce the causes of atheistic Communism. . . . Many who call themselves atheists are not necessarily against the Church. In their own minds, they are only seeking for a clear idea of God. . . . They are scandalized by a Christianity that often proves itself to be so egotistical. We, too, should be opposed to the exploitation of man by man." Although some prelates from Italy and Latin America came out strongly in favor of a resounding con-

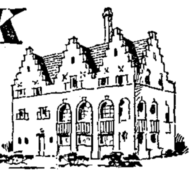
Heading South?
THIS LOOSELY KNIT PULLOVER WAS DESIGNED BY PAUL STUART WITH WARMER CLIMES IN MIND. FOR SAILING, BEACHING, AFTER-TENNIS. LIGHTWEIGHT HOMESPUN COTTON. HAND WASHABLE. BONE SHADE. MEDIUM AND LARGE. $14.50
PLEASE ADD 50C PER PACKAGE FOR PARCEL POST.


at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
JIMMY ROSELLI
Conducted by BILLY DENNISON
PAT HENRY
COPACABANA
MAKE YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESERVATIONS NOW!
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT
Le Bijou
168 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village, CH 2-9338

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



demnation of Communism, those from behind the Iron Curtain were generally content to endorse Cardinal Alfrink's judgment: "Since the Church has often condemned Communism, why repeat what has already been done?" A petition claiming to have four hundred and fifty signatures and asking for a declaration expressly condemning Communism, circulated by the indomitable Bishop Carli, plagued the final days of the Council. While it was true, as the Bishop argued, that previous Councils had generally condemned something, the expressed intention of Vatican II was to be a pastoral, rather than a doctrinal, Council. In the end, the petition was rejected as incompatible with this aim.

A final burst of energy was generated by the debate on the morality of nuclear warfare and of conscientious objection. The wording of this section of Schema 13 was less explicit in this regard than the simple words of Pope Paul at the United Nations: "No more war! War never again." It tried to satisfy both those who feel strongly that all war should be banned and those who believe that under present circumstances an unconditional appeal of this kind would be unrealistic. To help the Council reach a right decision, twenty women, including Dorothy Day, fasted in a Roman house on the Via dell'Anima throughout the debate. The group included Catholics (the majority), Protestants, and one Christian Scientist. The attempt of Archbishop Roberts, of England, to plead on the floor for a stronger section on conscientious objection had no more success this year than last. Although he had submitted his speech to the Secretariat well in advance, in August, he was again denied the right to speak. The mood of the assembly was decidedly favorable to a strong pronouncement on peace, however, even if it was not prepared to endorse everything that the Archbishop proposed. When the aged, nearly blind Cardinal Ottaviani, of the Holy Office, rose to deliver a memorized speech in fluent Latin pleading for the banning of war, he got a ready hearing. He wanted to ban not only all forms of violence but ideological warfare as well, "because it can so easily lead to real war." His fervently delivered peroration brought down the house: "In the spirit of a United Europe and the United States of North America as well as Brazil, I wish that there would be one world republic made up of all nations." (Significantly, this visionary speech came from one of those whom

Alternate to the smoking jacket—J. M. Wise's dressing gown of distinguished stripes, in Dacron polyester and cotton from Galey & Lord. A Division of Burlington Industries. For your nearest retailer, write us at 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

Galey & Lord Burlington

BARBARA McNAIR
is the sugar plum in the
PERSIAN ROOM
December 22-January 11
Performances at
9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining ... and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

MENEMSHA BAR
The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*
130 East 57th St.,
New York

There hasn't been a restaurant like this one since the thirties.
THE RAINBOW ROOM
Dinner every night from 6:00, Brunch from 12:00 on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
Call for reservations.
Rockefeller Center, 65th Floor, PL 7-9090.

TORN
APART
over your vacation?

Try the *Arlington*. It's a great place to put yourself back together. A stay at the *Arlington* will bring out the *"new you"*. You will enjoy our free entertainment program and world-famous Thermal Baths.

EDGAR A. MAY, Manager
Phone Area 501-NA 3-7771

THE ARLINGTON HOTEL
FOUNTAIN PLACE
Hot Springs Nat'l Park, Arkansas

NEW YEAR'S EVE OPEN HOUSE
NEW YEAR'S DAY DINNER

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N·Y·

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

Decalcomania Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Pope John labelled "prophets of doom" at the original session of Vatican Council II.)

In the closing days, a group of American bishops attempted to change Chapter V of Schema 13, which condemned nuclear stockpiling, on the ground that it discriminated against Western nations whose possession of nuclear arms guaranteed the political freedom of large areas of the world. Archbishop Philip Hannan, of New Orleans, together with Cardinal Spellman and others, circulated a letter urging the Fathers to vote *non placet* on Chapter V, or, if their objections to it were not met, *non placet* on the schema as a whole. There were four ballots on this question. In the first, on December 4th, Chapter V received 483 negative votes, but the bishops' efforts collapsed completely in the final vote, on December 7th, when Schema 13 was approved unchanged by a vote of 2,309 to 75.

IT was over birth control that the Council nearly came to grief during its closing weeks. On November 24th, two weeks before its scheduled close, it received a letter from Cardinal Cicognani, Secretary of State, containing a last-minute amendment for Schema 13: Pope Paul, it appeared, wanted a clearer reference to the present doctrine of the Church banning artificial contraception. Since the Pope had previously withdrawn the birth-control question from the jurisdiction of the Council, reserving it to himself, and had appointed a special commission of experts to advise him in making a final pronouncement on the matter, many Council Fathers felt they were now being asked to approve legislation without adequate discussion. Tempers began to soar, and for a while it looked as if the dark days that marked the close of the third session were about to be repeated. Fortunately, as a result of protests by leading commission members, such as Cardinal Léger, of Montreal, and a discreet but firm move on the part of the lay auditors, two days later another letter came from Cardinal Cicognani stating that the Pope was only offering suggestions and not ordering an amendment. The commission adroitly turned the issue by adding Pope Paul's more liberal statement of June, 1964, to the two other papal statements, and the Pope expressed himself satisfied with their work. As expected, the Council has ended with no resolution of the birth-control problem.

The Pope's reference at the U.N.

De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

MIDINETTE
22 smart colors
Calf **$22.50**

MR. CASUAL
Black or Brown Calf
Brown Calf, Trim Black
White Buckskin
Patent Leather
$25

Soft soled casuals known the world over.
Color brochures on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

Dining in the grand manner
REGENCY ROOM
A gracious setting...impeccable service...*impressive French, Continental* and American dishes created by a master chef. Vintage wines.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVENUE & 76TH STREET · RH 4-1600

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard
RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialties:
Soupe à l'oignon
Moules Mariniere
Rock Cornish Game Hen
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

to birth control, urging the world to increase the food supply and decrease poverty rather than the population, revealed his awareness that the world expects him to make a pronouncement on the subject. He stated frankly in the Cavallari interview that he did not know the answer to the problem. "The world asks us what we think about [birth control] and we must give an answer," he said. "We cannot remain silent. It is difficult to know what to say. For centuries the Church has not had to face such problems. And this matter is a little strange for churchmen to be handling, and even embarrassing from the human point of view. So the committees are meeting. Papers and reports have been piling up. We have had to do a great deal of studying, you know. But now we have to make a decision. Only we can do that. Deciding is not as easy as studying. But we have to say something. What can we say? God must enlighten us."

Paul's quandary over this problem is similar to the undogmatic and searching approach of the majority of the Council Fathers to the many new and difficult problems that confronted them. This, as we know from history, is quite unlike the juridical and dogmatic attitudes of earlier Councils. Some answers have been provided by Vatican II, but more questions have been raised. As Dr. A. C. Outler, the Methodist observer delegate, remarked before a gathering of the American hierarchy in Rome shortly before the Council's end, "Far less has been accomplished than has been made possible. More frontiers have been opened than occupied." In retrospect, Vatican II's crowning achievement will probably be to have opened doors.

—XAVIER RYNNE

•

Ideal for restore the health and magnificent for a wintry sojourn, has not paragon all over the island, for its smooth climate and warm, yet in most of the winter months.

Its cloudless sky with a neat admosphere do not muddle the healthful of the sunbeam, lend at this privileged maritime corner indefinable fascination.—*Brochure of a Majorca hotel.*

Ours is definable. We're a sucker for an unmuddled sunbeam.

•

SPACE CENTER, Houston, Texas. (AP)—The darling, double Gemini space flight proposed for December will not include a space walk, the Manned Spacecraft Center announced Thursday.—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.*

In a perfectly adorable release.

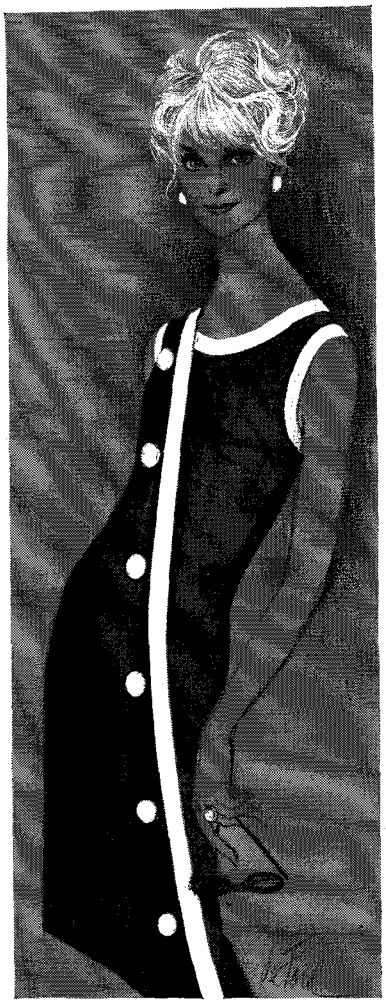
Fleischman

shifts to a new
angle in Raspberry,
Nutmeg or Yellow with
bold bindings of White.
Step into the sun, you're
on fashion's way in this
Shift of purest Linen by
MOYGASHEL

About $32. Sizes 8 to 16.

I. MAGNIN & CO.
West Coast

LORD & TAYLOR
In New York and nine suburban stores.



Do some missionary work at lunch

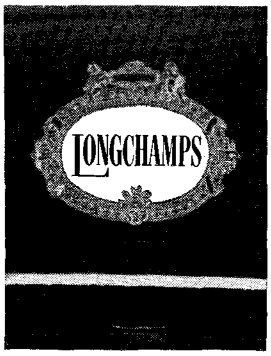
Life is an island festival for lunch,
cocktails, dinner and supper—
daily and Sunday. Reservations: EL 5-5185

TRADER VIC'S
at The Plaza
Entrance on 59th Street

Bachrach
First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

THE THEATRE

BURDENSOME BAGGAGE

“La Grosse Valise” was, I am told, quite a happy show when it was running in Paris, but in the course of its transfer to Manhattan it evidently suffered a sad sea change, and its knell was sounded last week at the Fifty-fourth Street after a stay that involved a mere seven performances. Although this musical revue was written and directed by Robert Dhéry, who gave us the joyous “La Plume de Ma Tante,” and was admirably designed to allow plenty of scope to freewheeling conceits, it was all too seldom effervescent, and as time went on—it was a rather lengthy affair—the paucity of witty ideas became more and more apparent. The device employed by Mr. Dhéry to keep it moving along had a nice simplicity about it. Into customs at Orly Airport came a monstrous trunk, the property of a prestigious clown identified as Svatsou and also as M. Chéri. When the customs inspectors—a bumbling lot—insisted on examining the contents of the trunk, the clown began to work his magic, and every time the inspectors looked into the trunk they found that it contained something different—once it was a swimming pool, then a beer garden, then a racecourse, and so on through a Biblical temple and a little grass shack in old Hawaii. When not being stupefied by such revelations, the inspectors dashed about frantically in the manner of Keystone Cops, and a running gag throughout the revue concerned itself with the efforts of one Vlaminsky to escape from their custody by disguising himself variously as an invalid, a priest, a Boy Scout, an aging toff, and so on. Another attempt at humor had to do with a clutch of diplomats who were mistaken for spies by the addled customs men. For all the commotion, though, “La Grosse Valise” seemed a laborious enterprise, and only when the cast took to the air mounted on pink elephants at the close of the first act, and when a rock-’n’-roll version of Samson and Delilah came along in the second, did things take on a lively aspect. Mr. Dhéry’s endeavor was helped to some extent by the music of Gérard Calvi, for which Harold Rome contributed lyrics. But the book was too heavy to be sustained by any light airs, and the cast, led by Ronald Fraser and Victor Spinetti, appeared oppressed—as well it might have been—a good deal of the time. It really is too bad that “La Grosse Valise” didn’t come off; given its basic situations, a lot of solid entertainment might have been developed.

After all the dull dialogue this season has produced, it pleasured me no end to hear the characters in “Happy Ending” and “Day of Absence,” a pair of one-act plays at the St. Marks, giving voice to some rich, funny, authentic American Negro speech. The author of these dramas is Douglas Turner Ward, and he is equally adept at turning a telling phrase and inventing sly, satiric plots. When “Happy Ending” starts to unfold, we are introduced to a couple of weeping women, who are bewailing the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, the white folks they work for, are about to dissolve their marriage. Pretty soon, I think, you’ll be shedding a few tears yourself, but only of laughter, for Mr. Ward quickly goes about demonstrating that his mourners’ grief is peculiarly motivated. He does this by bringing on the stylish, articulate nephew of both women and having the young man berate them for acting like Southern Aunt Jemimas at a time when Africans are resurgent, when American Negroes are struggling for their civil rights, and when he himself is about to “get on my feet and fulfill my potential.” The weepers don’t waste any time cutting him down to size. Without the Harrisons, they point out, he’d be eating collard greens and hog jowls instead of steak, wearing dungarees instead of custom clothes, and either working for a living or going around with no folding money. In the art of toting, it develops, the young man’s aunts are nonpareil, and one of them, who supervises the Harrisons’ household accounts, has made a practice of seeing to it that her family in Harlem wants for nothing. The larcenous doings that our domestics describe to their nephew sound very droll indeed, and so do their outlines of Mrs. Harrison’s nymphomaniacal love life. Having heard them out, the nephew drops his high-and-mighty manner and starts grieving right along with them. The happy ending occurs when Mr. Harrison calls up to announce that he has decided to forgive Mrs. Harrison, even though her latest affair involved his best friend. This might appear to be slim stuff, but Mr. Ward has a fine flair for characterization, and Esther Rolle, Frances Foster, Robert Hooks, and Mr. Ward himself, who participate in the action, are splendid performers.

Mr. Ward turns up to advantage once more in “Day of Absence,” in which he plays—this time he is in whiteface, along with most of the other members of the cast—the mayor of a Southern town from which all Negroes have suddenly vanished. With nobody to do any of the “miscellaneous dirty work” that keeps the community functioning, the town begins to go to pot, and not even the most urgent appeals for Negroes over radio and television bring any results. While Mr. Ward uses very broad farce to spoof the Southern establishment, nothing less, perhaps, would work out, since at times the Southern realities teeter on the edge of farce themselves. Mr. Ward and all his fellow-actors struck me as superb entertainers, and you’d be well advised not to miss them.

—John McCarten

Editor’s Note: Because of illness, Edith Oliver, who regularly writes the Off Broadway section of the Theatre department, will be absent for a few weeks. During this period, John McCarten will cover both Broadway and Off Broadway.

●

If the country’s listing ideal isn’t soon righted people will someday find that an even keel is so far out from underneath that no counterweight thrown against a rotten ship of state can vindicate the cause of freedom without rending permanently some plank in the bulwark that this society has always taken for granted as being there, being somewhere, but which won’t exist at all once debasement gives way to disjunction, and a bright hope born in 1776 founders and becomes part of the memory of that mass of other toppled nations which spell in grotesque form the failure of man to govern himself.—*From a letter to the editor of the Bernardsville (N.J.) News.*

Inhale.

Introducing the new Triumph 2000 sedan.

The new Triumph 2000 what?

Sedan. The 4-door, 5-passenger Triumph 2000 sedan.

(You probably thought we only make exciting sports cars. Like the TR-4A and Spitfire Mk2.)

But please don't think we've "gone Detroit." Because the 2000 is probably quite unlike any sedan you've ever driven. In fact, you might think you were driving a Triumph sports car.

With accurate rack-and-pinion steering. Four forward synchromesh gears.

Bump-smoothing, independent suspension.

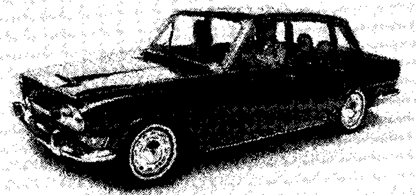
Dependable disc brakes. (You won't find standard features like these—all from the TR-4A—on most of the higher-priced sedans.)

And a 6-cylinder engine—0-50 in only 9.4 seconds—that still squeezes about 26 miles from each gallon of gas.

Of course, the Triumph 2000 boasts such sedan-like features as luxurious reclining front bucket seats. Child-proof door locks. Yawning trunk. (Swallows five large suitcases, bulging bag of golf clubs.) And optional automatic transmission or overdrive.

Remember these latter features when you test-drive the 2000. Otherwise, you might think you were driving the world's only 4-door, 5-passenger sports car.

Triumph 2000



Suggested retail price POE: $2895 plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc. 575 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

MUSICAL EVENTS

Rare Birds

IN reviving Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux" in concert form, the American Opera Society has done another service for those interested in the period of *bel canto*, even if, to be honest, the performance in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night of last week showed it to be something less than a deathless masterpiece. Productions of this work have been extremely rare since it was first put on, in 1837, at which time both critics and public were not impressed. The trouble with it, I think, is precisely the trouble that its first audience detected: its music is terribly derivative of other Donizetti scores. All the favorite clichés of this remarkably prolific composer are trotted out once again; everything is quite familiar to those who have heard a Donizetti opera before, and while it is a well-made work by one of the most competent opera composers of its era, its most interesting features are the few places where it seems to prefigure the work of the much greater master Giuseppe Verdi. All this can be pretty accurately gauged even though the orchestration we heard the other night was a reconstruction, by one Maestro Rubino Profeta, from a piano score, the original orchestral score having been destroyed in Italy by bombs during the Second World War. "Roberto Devereux" has a drama of a sort—concocted out of history in a somewhat cavalier fashion, and dealing with Queen Elizabeth, Essex (referred to in its pages as Roberto), the Duke and Duchess of Nottingham, and other worthies—and, like most operas of its type, it makes a good vehicle for spectacular singing.

The other night, we were privileged to have Montserrat Caballé, the Spanish diva, in the role of Elizabeth. She is, as I pointed out last May, when she appeared as Lucrezia Borgia, a dramatic soprano of remarkable accomplishments, capable of great agility and of what are probably the most astonishing high pianissimos heard hereabouts since Zinka Milanov was in her prime. She is also a good actress, who can express high emotional voltage with vast dignity, keeping a smooth exterior while giving the impression that she is seething within. This particular talent added a welcome touch to her performance as the Queen, and she sang beautifully throughout the evening. As the Duchess of Nottingham, Lili Chookasian sang with admirable style, though I have heard her in better voice. There were three New York débuts. The most impressive was that of Carlo Felice Cillario, an Italian conductor, who managed to keep everything going at an energetic clip. Another was by Juan Oncina, the Roberto of this performance. He is a slightly unimpassioned tenor who did not really distinguish himself until a soliloquy in the third act gave him the center of the stage. The third début was by a bass named Walter Alberti, as the Duke of Nottingham. Shortly after his first entrance, Mr. Alberti showed signs of great emotion, baring his clenched teeth, clutching his midriff, and leaning heavily on the shoulder of one of the violinists who were playing nearby. I took all this to be an effort at enhancing the drama. It *did* resemble what often passes for operatic acting, and, after all, according to the plot (which is not worth summarizing here), his wife was supposed to be deceiving him with his best friend. He could have had a suspicion of this, and his agonizing could have been designed to convey something of the sort. Later on, I learned that Mr. Alberti was suffering from a severe stomach-ache. He recovered, however, and sang quite well during most of the evening, revealing a bass voice of considerable power.

IN 1883, the Italian publishing house of Sonzogno, along with the periodical *Teatro Illustrato*, held a competition for an opera in which Giacomo Puccini, then in his early twenties, entered his first attempt, an opera entitled "Le Villi." It was not even mentioned by the judges. Five years later, in a repetition of the competition, Mascagni, then in his middle twenties, entered "Cavalleria Rusticana," *his* first attempt, and won. It is a curious commentary on the vicissitudes of opera composing that "Cavalleria Rusticana," an immediate success, became the only opera by Mascagni that has survived, though he wrote sixteen others in the course of a long life. Puccini, on the other hand, was one of those slow starters who improve rapidly, and he went on writing hit after hit throughout a shorter life—a master craftsman, most

lender

Smith, Barney & Co. considers the advice Polonius gives in *Hamlet*, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," sage enough, as far as *personal* debts are concerned. But when it comes to *business*—quite the reverse is true.

For when a state or municipal government or other governmental body needs capital for a new project, it often —quite properly—becomes a borrower. And you can—quite profitably—be one of the lenders in the case.

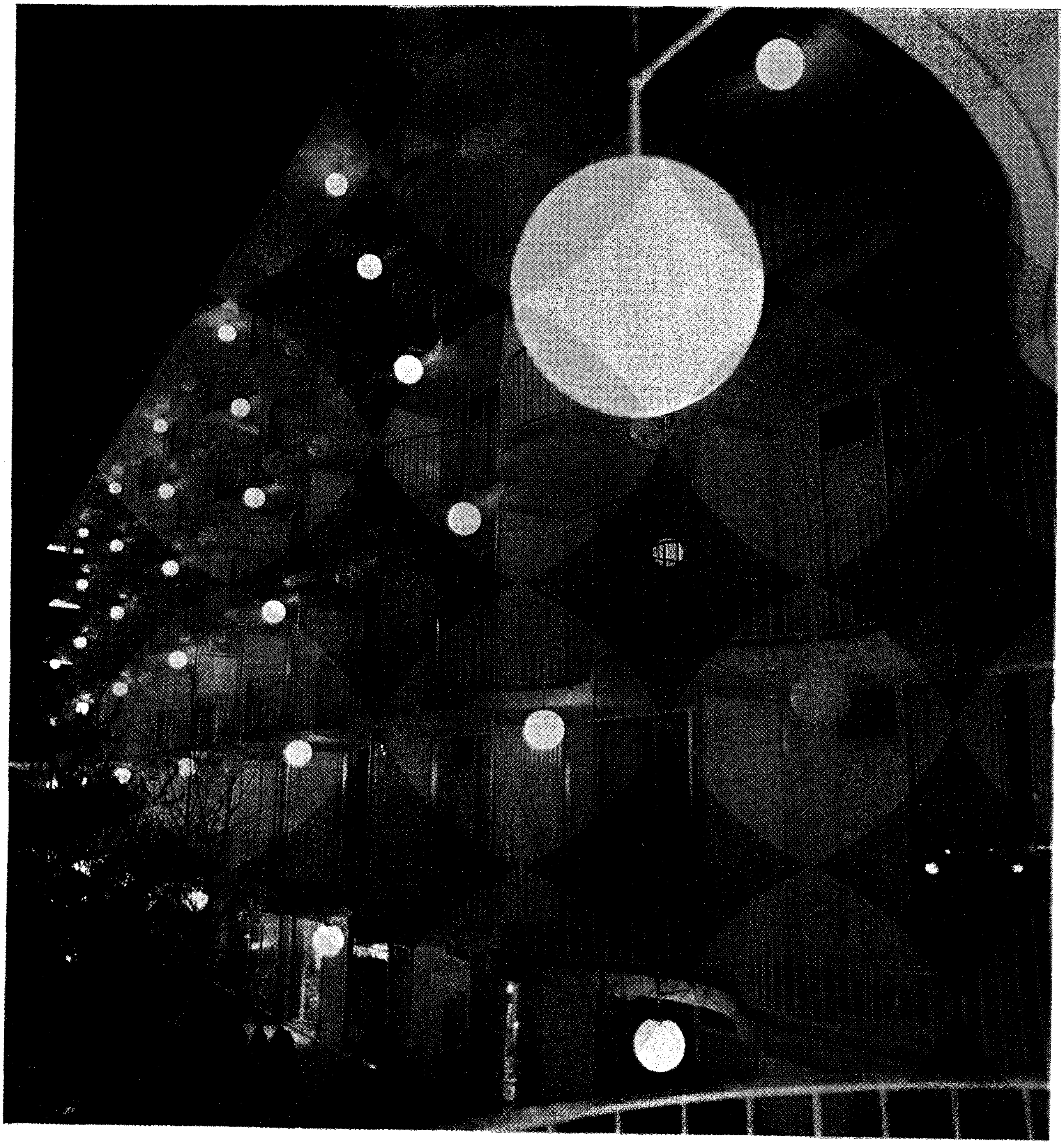
Your money is virtually certain to be returned to you when promised — for municipal bonds are second in soundness only to those of the Federal Government itself. And best of all, the interest you receive is entirely exempt from Federal income tax.

There's no better way to increase your income—*without* increasing your income tax.

Smith, Barney has had long experience in both underwriting and distributing municipal bonds. If you'd like to know more about the advantages of being a lender to some very sound borrowers . . . we're at your service.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges

20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia · Chicago
Boston · San Francisco
Albany · Allentown · Cleveland · Dallas
Hartford · Milwaukee · Minneapolis



Inn side story for businessmen.

We want to shed some light on what's behind the balcony scene at Marriott Motor Hotels. Our motive: Your next convention or meeting. Too many people for a motor hotel? Don't bet on it. Marriott ballrooms and banquet facilities can handle as many as 3000. Exhibits? Planned space for those, too. Equipment? We have it all. Small meeting rooms? Ours are designed for the purpose—not converted bedrooms. Diversions? What'll you have . . . pools? Ice rinks? Gift shops? Palate-tickling, eye-pleasing restaurants? Comfortable rooms? Red-carpet services? It's all very functional, all very appealing. Obviously, at the Marriott, beauty is more than facade deep. Next step . . . write for the brochure at right.

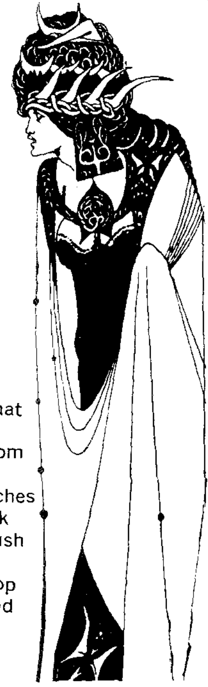
Marriott
MOTOR HOTEL

This is living... this is **Marriott** MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D. C. • Dallas • Philadelphia • Atlanta • Saddle Brook, N. J. ('66)
Write: National Sales Offices, Marriott Motor Hotel, Twin Bridges, Washington, D. C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200

The perfect martini gin
perfect for favors
perfect for toasts
perfect for neighbors
perfect for hosts
perfect to celebrate
perfect to present
perfect to congratulate
perfect to compliment
perfect for bringers
perfect for sending
perfect for swingers
perfect for befriending
perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.
Seagram's Extra Dry
TIME WORKS WONDERS
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin
90 PROOF
90 PROOF
Distilled extra dry gin ..... extra dry because of Seagram's exclusive and original mellowing process
DISTILLED BY
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
DISTILLED DRY GIN
IN THE ANCIENT BOTTLE
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

AFTER the PLAY



Come
Here
For Supper.

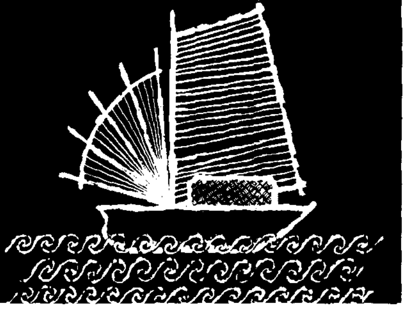
Sup here in Old World splendour! Our unique late-hour menu is just what you had in mind for after-theatre supper — from open-face hot roast beef and sirloin steak sandwiches to steak & eggs and steak thumbits! Dine in the plush intimacy of a candlelit Victorian alcove, or whoop it up with the gang around the piano in The Saloon. Entrees from $1.65 to $3.85. Nightly, after 11.

LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 · MO 1-1200

WHY FLY TO HONG KONG FOR
PRAWNS IN PEPPERED SAUCE?

STAY RIGHT AT
KENNEDY AIRPORT AND ENJOY IT
ANY LOVELY EVENING AT
THE GOLDEN DOOR RESTAURANT

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL: 656-4600



THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

A mountain retreat just a pleasant ride away. Superb food. Modest price. Japanese decor. Dick Handle at the piano nightly. **The Restaurant on the Mountain.** Suffern, N.Y. Exit 15 N.Y. Thruway. Call 914 EL 7-1500.

of whose operas have held the stage ever since his death, forty years ago. "Le Villi" is not one of that number. Its last full-scale performance here was at the Metropolitan, under Arturo Toscanini, in 1908. After that, it was presented in a concert version at Columbia University in 1957, and then it appears to have languished on the shelves until last week, when it was revived by the Manhattan School of Music on Friday night in its auditorium, on East 105th Street. Never having heard the opera, and having a natural curiosity about it, I attended this revival, which turned out to be a quite worthwhile production, fully staged, and sung by a group of attractive and talented young people.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" is unquestionably the better opera. Nevertheless, to use the hindsight we have today, it is remarkable what enormous talent and what maturity "Le Villi" shows. The Puccini style, robust and highly individual, is already fully developed in it. Its fatal flaw is its libretto—a mawkishly sentimental affair whose moral seems to be "Don't leave your true-beloved and get entangled with supernatural ladies in another land, because if you do your true-beloved is likely to die, and you will not only be terribly sorry when you come back but your true-beloved will return as a ghost and kill you." After writing this opera, Puccini, fortunately, left the supernatural to the Germans and concentrated on dramas about real people. "Le Villi" contains some striking arias and choruses, as well as an extended ballet, and I was glad to have the opportunity to hear it. It was preceded by a more sophisticated and less ambitious work, the French comic opera "An Incomplete Education," by Emmanuel Chabrier. This dealt with a young couple's bafflement about the birds and the bees, and had some funny moments, not to mention some charming melodies interspersing a good deal of spoken dialogue. Unlike "Le Villi," it was done in an English translation.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

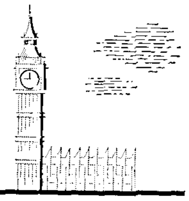
•

J 11 JW 17

CAMPOBASSO, ITALY AP—A DRIVING NEW SNOWSTORM WOOOOOOOOOGGGG WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORSENED THE PLIGHT TODAY OF 200 PASSENGERS SNOWBOUND FOR THE THIRD DAY IN TWO TRAINS IN THE APENNINE MOUNTAINS
—A.P. wire dispatch received by the Claremont (N.H.) Daily Eagle.

No vivid writing, please.

For fine British
woollens* —
Hunt & Winterbotham
since 1532
4 Old Bond Street
London



* SWATCHES *(for men and women)* gladly mailed on request. Simply state requirements: whether for suits, jackets or coats — also the colour and weight.

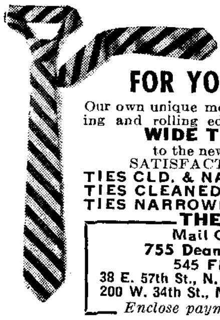
If you like Ireland we'll send it to you six times a year. Six times a year "Ireland of the Welcomes" magazine brings you Ireland. Stories. Poems. Pictures. The things that make it different and the things that keep it the same. Bean Sidhes, Gruagaches and Pucas.* Dublin: St. Stephen's Green, the Phoenix Park. Soft afternoons on the lake near Westport House, County Mayo. Guinness. Tweed. Waterford crystal. Tipperary. Connemara. Cork.

Ireland.

All yours to keep. Or give. For two years. For three dollars.

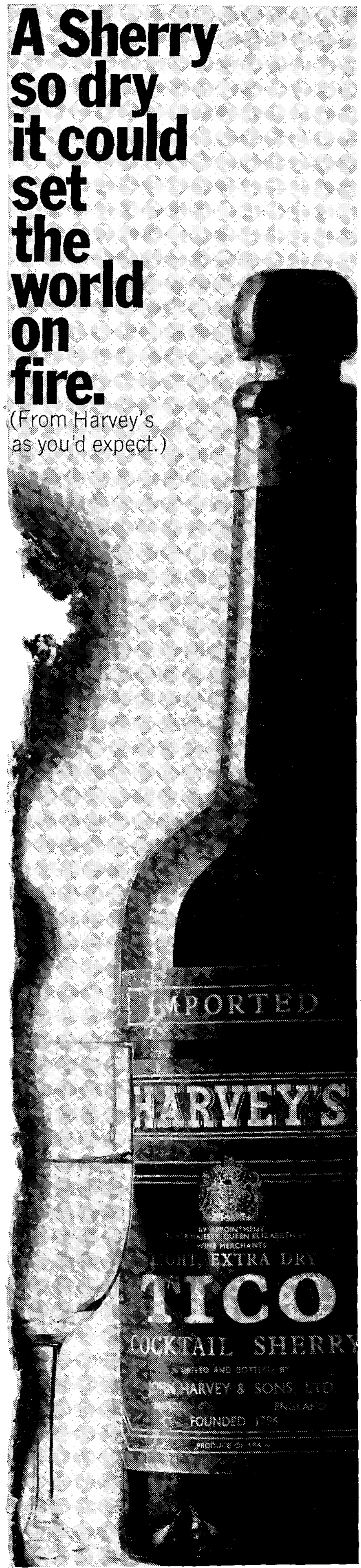
Address your cheques to:
Irish Tourist Board, Dept. NYM
33 East 50 Street
New York, N.Y. 10022.

*Three kinds of Little People described by Kevin Danaher in a recent number.



NEW LIFE
FOR YOUR FAVORITE TIES

Our own unique method of cleaning, hand-pressing and rolling edges restores original beauty.
WIDE TIES NARROWED
to the new, smart, slim shapes.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
TIES CLD. & NAR....$3.00 ea. 6 for $16.50
TIES CLEANED...... 1.50 ea. 6 for 8.40
TIES NARROWED ... 1.50 ea. 6 for 8.70
THE TIE CLINIC
Mail Order Dept. N-12
755 Dean St., B'klyn 38, N. Y.
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
38 E. 57th St., N. Y. 152 W. 42nd St., N. Y.
200 W. 34th St., N. Y. 120 Liberty St., N. Y.
Enclose payment, save return postage


A Sherry so dry it could set the world on fire.
(From Harvey's as you'd expect.)
IMPORTED
HARVEY'S
EXTRA DRY
TICO
COCKTAIL SHERRY
HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
TICO®. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

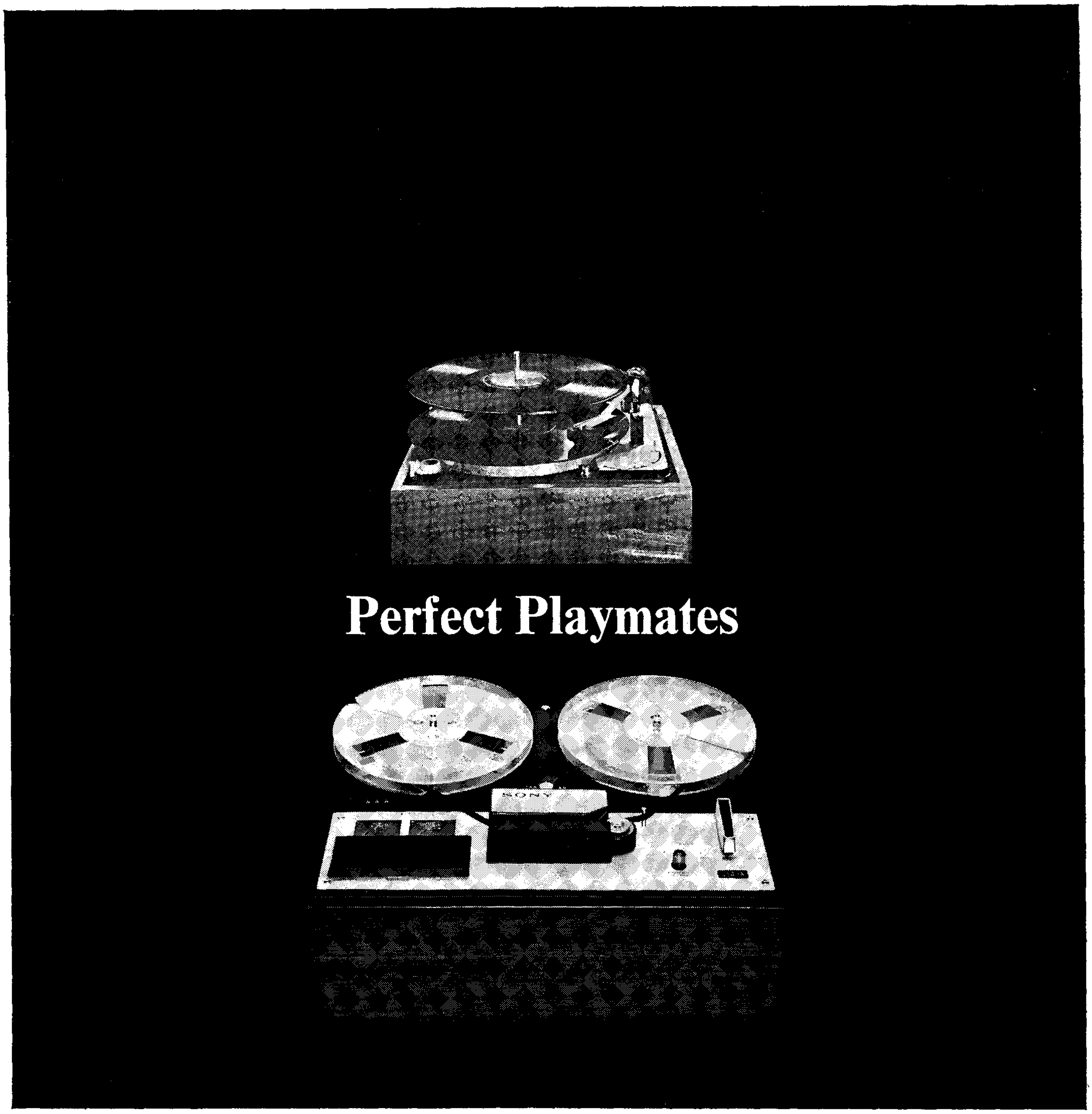
Sharpshooters

"THE 10TH VICTIM," an Italian comedy starring Marcello Mastroianni and the inhumanly beautiful Ursula Andress, is a joyous and nonsensical affair, the chief of whose many merits is the unflagging energy with which it applies scrupulous reason to the unscrupulously outrageous. This is, of course, a possible definition of wit, and the elegance of the wit of "The 10th Victim," which is based on a novel by Robert Sheckley called, somewhat more modestly, "The Seventh Victim," makes most of our current mock melodramas of intrigue, copulation, and sudden death seem mere heavy-handed schoolboy pranks. The director, Elio Petri, and the several authors of the screenplay (Ennio Flaiano, Tonino Guerra, Giorgio Salvione, and Mr. Petri himself—Italian screenwriters tend to work in teams, like physicists and cardsharps) are telling a wild tale of the next century, in which, as a means of sublimating the bellicose instincts that lead whole countries into useless wars, an international system of continuous, individual, passionless, and officially supervised vendettas between total strangers has been established. Men and women, having joined an organization known as the Big Hunt, are chosen by computer to kill and be killed; murder in the streets has become a socially acceptable commonplace, evidently much less horrifying to passersby than automobile accidents used to be back in the nineteen-sixties. The ingenuity of the licensed killer in dispatching his victim is, in fact, a matter for public congratulation, and the killer who survives to dispatch ten victims receives a stupendous cash prize. As for the victims, they are expected to meet their violent ends with Socratic good humor. The system is simple and just, and it works; the world is at peace.

Marcello Mastroianni plays the tenth victim of the title—a quizzical, spendthrift, woman-tormented Roman who collects comic books and Op and Pop Art (I was glad to observe that Bridget Riley and George Segal are still making the scene in the twenty-first century) and is himself one of the leading figures in the Big Hunt. His chosen killer is Miss Andress, an American girl fresh from an attempted murderous assault upon her by a dogged Oriental member of the group. This attempt, which serves as the opening scene of the movie, takes place in New York, at a gloriously breakneck pace, partly in the authentic ruins of Penn Station and partly in a studio set of the Masoch Club; here, while performing a seductive bump-and-grind, Miss Andress polishes off her pursuer by plugging him with a pair of tiny guns concealed in a metal bra. She then sets off for Rome, where, if all goes according to fiendish plan, she will succeed in murdering Mastroianni in the course of a TV commercial for Ming Tea being filmed live in the Temple of Venus. Since this is a comedy, and since everything that happens in it is, as the previous sentence indicates, calculatedly preposterous, the ending is safely silly as well as infinitely complex; the tenth victim is a victim of nothing more mortal than matrimony.

Mastroianni is superb in his debonair world-weariness, and Miss Andress has been so carefully written around and so fetchingly photographed that one scarcely notices her failure to act; also fetching, in a small part, is Elsa Martinelli. The director of photography, Gianni di Venanzo, is the man who photographed Antonioni's "Red Desert" and Fellini's "Juliet of the Spirits;" his mastery of colors amounts to genius. Another veteran of "Red Desert" is Piero Poletto, who designed its sets and has performed the same office for "The 10th Victim." If Mr. Poletto is any prophet, the twenty-first century will be a suavely cozy one to loll about in; I hope I last long enough to get my foot in the door.

THE screen credits of "Viva Maria" list Oscar Dancigers and Louis Malle as producers, Louis Malle as director, Louis Malle and Jean-Claude Carrière as authors of the screenplay, and Louis Malle and Jean-Claude Carrière as authors of the adaptation and dialogue, and I suspect that this multiplicity of Malles is what has caused the picture to go wrong. In attempting to do too much, Mr. Malle has made the fatal mistake of providing too much; our interest dies not of starvation but of surfeit. The first half, or even two-thirds, of "Viva Maria" is



Sony adds an exciting new dimension to home entertainment for less than $149^{50}

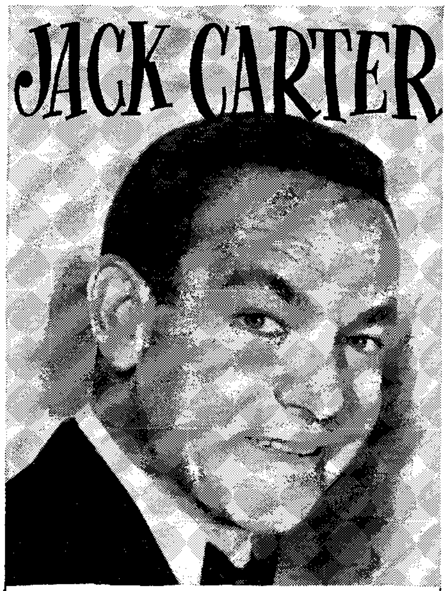
Now, from World-famous Sony, the perfect playmate for your record player—the new Sony model 250 solid state stereo tape recorder. With a simple, instant connection to your record player you add the amazing versatility of four track stereo recording and playback to complete your home entertainment center and create your own tapes from records, AM or FM Stereo receivers, or live from microphones—6¼ hours of listening pleasure on *one* tape! This beautiful instrument is handsomely mounted in a low-profile walnut cabinet, complete with built-in stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps, dual V.U. meters, automatic sentinel switch and all the other superb features you can always expect with a Sony. *All the best from Sony for less than* $149.50. Send today for our informative booklet on Sony PR-150, a sensational new development in magnetic recording tape. Write: Sony/Superscope, Magnetic Tape, Sun Valley, California.

For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Dept.46, Sun Valley, California.

SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo* ®

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPENING MONDAY, DECEMBER 27TH



WITH MARLENE
AT THE
ROYAL BOX
Nightly at 9:30 and 12:15 (exc. Sundays)
DINNER & SUPPER DANCING
LEE EVANS
& HIS ORCHESTRA
Plus the music of Arturo Arturos
RESERVATIONS: PETER/LT 1-1000
americana
OF NEW YORK
RESERVE NOW for
GALA NEW YEAR'S EVE
at the Royal Box with Jack Carter
$32.50 p.p. (incl. dinner & dancing)
CALL PETER: LT 1-1000

Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant
"My all-time favorite . . . the ultimate in steak with all the trimmings . . . attracts the pick of the stars of the entertainment world."
— Earl Blackwell, International Epicure Originator of Celebrity Service in Hollywood, New York, Paris, London and Rome.
Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

DANCING
to the Park Avenue Music of
JOHN DEE

in the festive
PEACOCK ALLEY
at the Waldorf-Astoria
nightly, except Sunday
For reservations: EL 5-3000, ext. 162, 242
Park Ave. bet. 49th and 50th Sts.

a charming and unexpectedly sweet little picture, as pretty in shape and color as James's "rosy morsel of Dresden" and boasting an occasional flash of effective slapstick comedy by its neatly matched stars, Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau, but at the moment when we count on its ending, and when, by every sign, it is ready to end, it suddenly gathers itself into a lump and lumbers off in search of further adventures. As a chronicle of the skirmishing of a troupe of French vaudevillians in the wilds of the mythical country of San Miguel, circa 1910, the picture succeeds; as a chronicle of a revolution, complete with dying peasants, dithering tyrants, and vicious priests, the picture fails. Still, Miss Bardot has never been lovelier, and Miss Moreau, given a part that is paper-thin, is her usual undismayable self. Of the other members of the cast, the only one you are likely to be familiar with is George Hamilton, who dies with commendable speed, looking his best. Francisco Reiguera, the corrupt leader of the clergy in San Miguel, makes his mark in a scene that shows him descending a long flight of stairs holding his severed head in his hands; oddly enough, he, too, is looking his best.

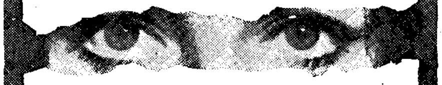
"A Patch of Blue," written and directed by Guy Green and starring Sidney Poitier, Elizabeth Hartman, Shelley Winters, and Wallace Ford, is a terrible movie. The doubly heavy burden of my complaint is that the story the movie tells comes close to being literally sickening in its sentimentality and that Mr. Green has directed it in precisely the wrong fashion, trying to coax the last treacly tear out of scenes that, in dialogue and setting, are already so much softly bubbling penuche. Indeed, a more accurate title for the movie would have been "A Pot of Glue," or even "A Pat of Goo," as indicating the pervasive, repugnant stickiness of its surface and the total lack of substance below. Our heroine is a friendless, illiterate blind girl, treated with barbaric callousness by her blowzy harridan of a mother and her drunken, no-good grandfather. Though the girl has reached a marriageable age, she is almost never allowed out of the wretched tenement flat in which she drudges at washing dishes and, to earn a few pennies a day, stringing beads. On a rare visit to a public park, she encounters a tall, good-looking, highly educated, expensively dressed, courteous, patient, and compassionate young Negro. (This caricature of the Negro

"ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF THE AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATRE"
—John Chapman, N.Y. News

Fiddler on the Roof
America's Most Acclaimed Musical
IMPERIAL THEATRE
249 W. 45 St., N.Y.C.

"A STUNNING PLAY, ONE OF THE FINEST OF OUR AGE. YOU SHOULD NOT MISS IT."
—Howard Taubman, The N.Y. Times
JASON ROBARDS ANNE BANCROFT
THE DEVILS
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs., Orch. & Front Mezz. $7.95; Rear Mezz. $6.25, 5.50, 4.50, 3.50, 2.95. Fri. & Sat. Evgs., Orch. & Front Mezz. $8.75; Rear Mezz. $6.50, 5.75, 4.75, 4.00, 2.95. Wed. & Sat. Mats., Orch. & Front Mezz. $6.25; Rear Mezz. $4.75, 4.00, 3.50, 3.00, 1.95.
BROADWAY THEATRE 53rd St. & B'way, 247-7992

"'THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN' IS ENGROSSING ENTERTAINMENT—KEEPS YOU RIVETED."—Walter Kerr, N.Y. Herald Tribune
"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN"



BILLY ROSE THEATRE 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2:30

UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED COMEDY HIT!

BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45 STREET, N.Y.C. 246-5969

CHOICE OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
Sea Food, Steaks & Chops
The Lobster
Since 1919 . . . Open daily
145 W. 45th St.
JU 2-0400

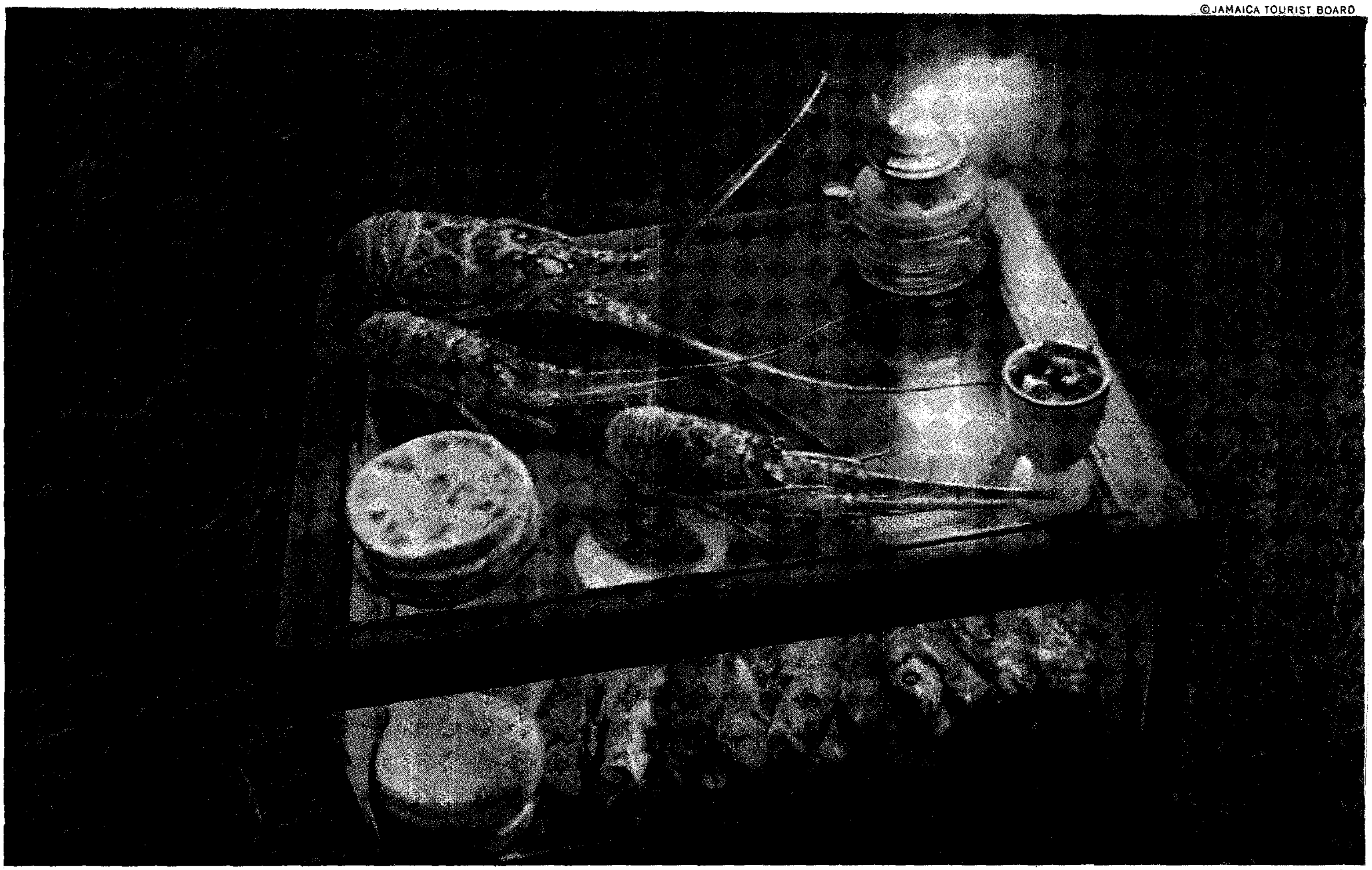
It's 1/3 of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

Your days will abound in beauty when your nights are filled with lovely flowers. This is "Garden Portrait"...beautiful garlands of flowers on the most beautiful sheets of all, Wamsutta Lustercale®, a lustrous long wearing blend of cotton and Avril® rayon. Gardenia-white sheets with pink, blue, yellow or green bloomings, now at white sale prices. And of course, luxuriant towels to match, from Wamsutta's Heritage Towel Collection, also sale priced. WAMSUTTA MILLS (Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 1430 Broadway, New York, New York 10018. Makers of Supercale® sheets, Heritage towels, Wamsutta Babycale® products, and fashion fabrics for the family.

Wamsutta®
LUSTERCALE
COTTON AND AVRIL® RAYON SHEETS

JAMAICA

©JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



At Old Harbour's lamplighted stands, fried fish, cold lobster and spiced roti bread costs about 70¢. Because you can't bargain like we do, you may have to pay up to 90¢.

You can eat yourself silly in Jamaica without even going indoors. (Some of our poshest restaurants don't have much use for a roof here.)

Of course, a restaurant gives you a table and chairs, while at a roadside stand, you stand. But try it. If your feet can take it, your palate and purse will be grateful.

Start your gastronomic tour at a fruit cart. Mango, naseberries or pawpaw washed down with a draught from a freshly lopped-off coconut. Then maybe a codfish fritter for a penny. Breakfast might cost 15¢.

For lunch, drive up in the mountains to Diablo, where some people feel full just from viewing the edible landscape. Get a hot (both meanings) meat patty from a baker's. It's a crusty crescent with something magical inside. Then buy a bottle of cold Red Stripe beer from a grocer's. No; better buy two. Now hurry on to a roast corn stand.

Then stand in the shade of a cotton tree and eat your 45¢ lunch.

Oh, we almost forgot dessert. But don't you. For 3¢ at any snowball cart you get shaved ice all dripped over with lovely pink syrup. It tends to settle your lunch and make room for the excesses to follow.

Now move along; southwesterly to change the scenery. And to get to Star Apple near Middle Quarters in time for the afternoon snack.

This is where you'll get the river shrimp. They're pink, tiny, and so delicate that we eat them shells and all. Stop at the deserted crossroads and before you have time to remind yourself that a shilling equals 14¢, it isn't deserted any more.

Fishwives appear from all sides, flourishing basins of rosy shrimp sprinkled with fiery Scotch Bonnet peppers. A paper sack-full at 2 shillings is enough to stop a large appetite. And to start a small bonfire. Calm it down with a bite of bulla, a molasses-and-cinnamon cake. (1¢)

Ready for dinner? Better wait till later, don't you think? Besides, it'll taste even better by lamplight.

For facts on more conventional food (and lodgings, too) see your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board, in New York, Miami, Los Angeles, Chicago and San Francisco.

as a Madison Avenue sort of Christian saint, selfless and well groomed, is becoming a movie cliché nearly as tiresome and, at bottom, nearly as patronizing as the cretinous figure that Stepin Fetchit used to play; Negroes must find it extremely irritating.) The blind girl falls in love with the young man, her Negro-hating mother finds out about their friendship, and a series of humiliating public and private brawls is quick to follow. All that we are spared in the course of the innocent couple's troubled time together is a Hollywood clinch at the end; the young man really *is* selfless, and arranges for the girl to be taken off to a school for the blind, where she can learn to read Braille and begin to make an endurable life for herself. Back in 1930, the incomparably tactful Chaplin was able to work a blind heroine into a comedy and touch our hearts; "A Patch of Blue" convinces me that nobody else had better try it, ever. —BRENDAN GILL

•

GREAT BRITAIN

Great Britain is a piece of land
Shaped something like an ampersand
And lying, to a large extent,
Between the Kyle of Tongue and Kent.

Here at the bottom, on the right,
Are cliffs, notoriously white;
The sea is twenty-one miles wide,
With France upon the other side.

This bit upon the left is Wales.
Here, in the middle, are the Dales,
And here are Beds and Hants and Notts.
The top is occupied by Scots.

Since the Phoenicians came for tin,
The tides have pottered out and in;
The moon first waxes, then it wanes,
And every now and then it rains.

The people here invented pubs,
Cabinet pudding, cricket, clubs,
Shakespeare, steam engines, hypocrisy,
And Parliamentary democracy.
—R. P. LISTER

•

If Newton were alive today and were a sales manager, he would express his first law of scientific selling as: "A customer at rest tends to remain at rest unless acted upon by a sales force, and a customer buying tends to continue buying unless acted upon by a competitive sales force."—*Memory Jogger, published by the National Sales Development Institute, Waterford, Conn.*

One thing's for sure: there's no rest short of the grave. Newton's lucky.

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

B&G
SAUTERNES
B&G
B&G

The wines you loved in Paris are here!

Look for B&G Wines at your wine merchants—and on the Wine List when dining out. They are wines you can enjoy with pride.

B&G
The finest wines of France Barton & Guestier

ROSELAND'S 47TH NEW YEAR'S EVE Party
CONTINUOUS DANCING
TWO BANDS
HATS • SOUVENIRS
NOISEMAKERS
$4.50
HAPPY NEW YEAR 1966
Roseland
NO MINIMUM COVER TABLE CHARGE
FULL BAR & TABLE SERVICE
DANCE CITY
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

ITALY THE ARTIST'S WAY
Mediterranean holiday in Positano's international art center. June—August. 14th year. Painting, life classes, ceramics. Field trips to historic sites. Distinguished staff. Individual instruction. Write Workshop, Penthouse, 139 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22
POSITANO ART WORKSHOP

PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT
STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm - Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N. Y. C.
GR 3-4476

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; other foreign—$3.00 per year.*)

NAME

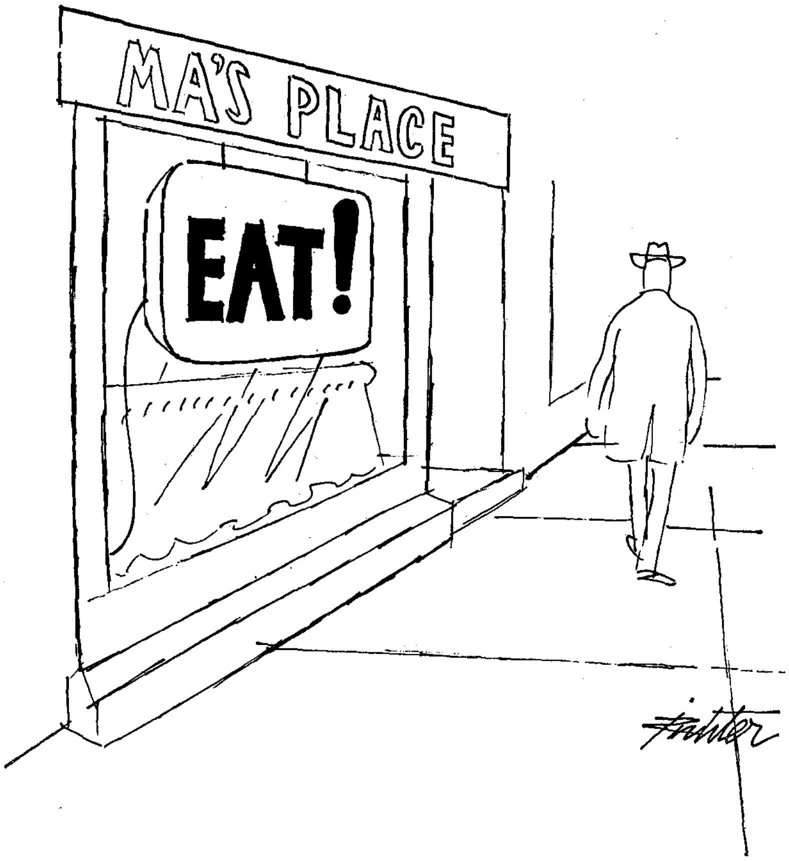
ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP code*)

BOOKS

Victims of Circumstance

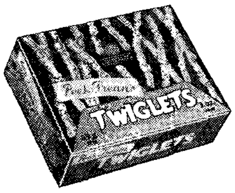
IN the opening chapter of P. H. Newby's "One of the Founders" (Lippincott), its hero is discovered emerging from a hospital in Perstowe, a small provincial town in England. He has a crutch under his right arm and a carpet slipper over a bandage on his right foot. He is Perstowe's Borough Education Officer, and he has been recovering from an injury done him by a young woman, who unkindly stabbed him through his rubber boot with one of her stiletto heels while he was trying to kiss her against her will. In this situation, Mr. Newby's character looks disagreeably like a member of the monstrous regiment of accident-prone minimen who have proliferated in English fiction since Mr. Kingsley Amis wrote "Lucky Jim." It is dismaying to think, even for a moment, that a writer of Mr. Newby's intelligence and sensitivity might have brought himself to that level of mechanical fooling, and the one defect of this otherwise very successful book is that every so often Mr. Newby's slapstick comes into play and one or another of his convincingly complex and interesting characters is called forward to take a buffeting. The circumstances of these periodic losses of dimension suggest a miscalculation rather than a failure of the imagination. They generally take place whenever the characters move out of the domain of their private lives and become involved as public figures in the hero's campaign to win local support and Whitehall approval for a project to find a site for a new university in Perstowe. From this, it seems likely that Mr. Newby is playing with the idea that people are real when they are true to themselves in their inner lives and unreal when they are fulfilling their roles in a modern society, a supposition reinforced by contrast with the single exception—the part played in the book by its hero's father, a man without artifice who makes no concessions to society and who remains as constant in his public as in his personal relationships. Mr. Newby's gifts as a writer are very much to the fore when this survivor from a former time is on the scene. The reader is made to believe in him and his old-fashioned goodness and to understand his son's love for him. A similar feat is performed with the hero's girl. He has made her pregnant, but for a long time she won't marry him, because she considers love far more important than sexual interest, or even pressing physical need. Mr. Newby makes her attitude comprehensible, and even more skillfully makes the reader aware of the change in the relationship that comes about as the hero's desire for comfort from a pretty girl turns into love for a woman. The theme of the growth of love is balanced by a deftly handled account of the burning out of emotions left over from the breakdown of the hero's first marriage. His sense of having failed in a fundamental relationship takes a good deal of living with and living down, and his recovery is complicated by the fact that as soon as he becomes involved with a new woman, his ex-wife, who left him because he had become sexually boring to her, experiences a rekindling of interest. Mr. Newby describes with great accuracy and insight the pains suffered by those who remain psychologically bound together after they have been formally separated by the courts. Indeed, insofar as his novel is about feeling it is very good, and would have been almost perfect but for the unfortunate choice of knockabout farce as an appropriate mode to show how the littleness of Perstowe as a society bears down on such largeness of spirit as its individual inhabitants may possess. The quality of a character's inner life becomes a matter of indifference when it can be seen that he is in for a ducking as soon as he is asked to go for a row in a boat. By too crudely making his people footballs in the episodes of farce, Mr. Newby undoes the Hardylike sincerity of his belief in them and their virtue.

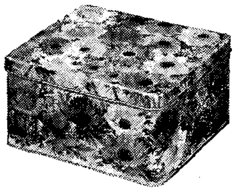


CARLOS FUENTES' "Aura," translated from the Spanish by Lysander Kemp (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a brilliant tour de force, a story written for writing's sake in the manner of the Théophile Gautier who could say cheerfully in his green season of confidence and happiness that "the impossible has always pleased me" and erect the whole edifice of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" on an absurdity. Señor Fuentes has recovered that same lost innocence and has written a story in which magic and ghosts are realities. A young man in Mexico City named Felipe Montero finds an advertisement in a newspaper offering employment to anyone possessing exactly those qualifications which he can claim as a historian who has studied at the Sorbonne. This strangely personal summons takes Montero to a house, in the oldest part of the city, in which time seems to have been standing still since the days of Porfirio Díaz. Here he finds the aged widow

If you've been in
An English Pub...

. . . you know all about *Twiglets.* These are the tasty, crunchy, cheese flavored rage of London . . . now at your favorite fine food or department store. A truly delightful British flavor.





Also, *Famous English Biscuits*—more delectable biscuits have never been baked — so rewarding to serve your guests, and to delight in yourself. Packed in beautifully lithographed tins that can be used over and over again.

Peek Frean's
FAMOUS ENGLISH BISCUITS

London mixed grill,
Dover sole, and
Yorkshire pop-overs
are all as near
as a taxi ride to
Keen's
English Chop House.
72W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Now open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

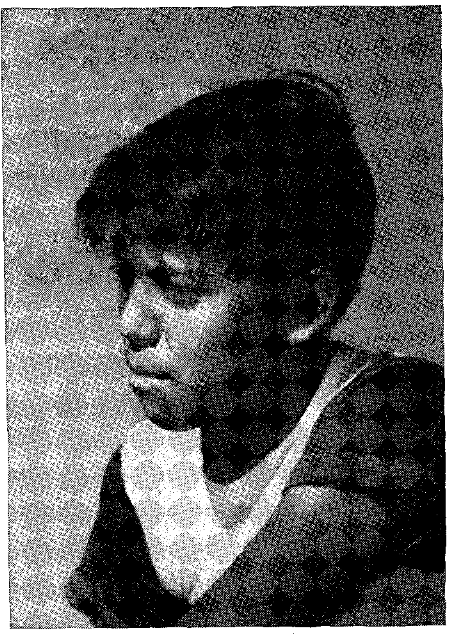
CUISINE PAR EXCELLENCE
The Three Fountains
GASLIGHT SQUARE, SAINT LOUIS

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Alexander Shields
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58th ST.

of a long-deceased General Llorente living with a mysterious niece, whose beauty and youth seem horribly out of place. She is Aura, and when Montero has had one look into her green eyes, he knows that he was right to agree to edit the General's memoirs for publication: on that pretext he will be able to carry on a secret campaign to liberate the lovely creature from her unnatural bondage to age. He moves in, as the women apparently expected him to do, and sets to work at his task. The General's manuscript is surprisingly old, and his reminiscences take Montero a long way back into the past. The young Llorente went to France to study military science in the days of Napoleon III, and he returned to Mexico as a member of the unlucky Maximilian's staff. After the disastrous end of that adventure at Querétaro, the General went into exile, taking his fifteen-year-old wife with him. Montero's discovery that his employer is at least a hundred and nine years old makes him more certain than ever that it is his mission to get the green-eyed girl out of her clutches. It is only when he has made Aura his mistress and committed himself beyond recall that he comes upon a photograph of the long-dead General, and sees in it, as if in a mirror, a face sufficiently familiar to make him suspect the nature of the relationship to which he has become a party. The story is, of course, poppycock, but poppycock of the very best quality.

ALTHOUGH Carlo Emilio Gadda's novel of Roman life "That Awful Mess on Via Merulana," translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Braziller), is being pushed hard as a major literary work, it is hard to feel that it is anything more than an enjoyable, cheerfully garrulous, colorful crime story. Its promoters talk of Joyce in one breath and of the Austrian novelist Robert Musil in the next, presumably because Gadda plays tricks with language and because he ends his story on a dying fall before his mystery is given an official solution. But if there are two things less alike than Joyce's cerebral exploitation of the psychopathology of linguistics and Gadda's macaronic fooling with popular speech, they are Gadda's earthy belief in the strengthening virtue of vulgarity and Musil's wishy-washy bellettrism. The sort of thing that Gadda does, and the manner in which he does it, may be judged from the opening lines of his story:

> Everybody called him Don Ciccio by now. He was Officer Francesco Ingraval-



The chances for
Tommy Red Eagle
are pretty slim.
Unless you help.

Tommy Red Eagle isn't sick. Or crippled. Or starving. Tommy Red Eagle is an American Indian. That's why his chances for growing up into a self-reliant, productive, fulfilled adult are slim.

He's healthy now. But the mortality rate among 5 to 14 year-old Indians is eight times greater than that of the general population.

He still goes to school. But the dropout rate for Indian youngsters is a tragic 45%.

He'll probably survive into adulthood. But uneducated, he will be unemployable. Unemployable, he will remain trapped in poverty and dependence. Tommy Red Eagle will survive. But you can't call it living.

Through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION you or your group can help a child like Tommy to really live. As his sponsor, you'll receive his photograph and story. You can correspond with him if you like.

Your sponsorship contribution will provide him with the chance he needs. School supplies. Decent clothes. A cash allowance.

Your support will give him confidence. A sense of security. A friend to depend on.

The price of a child's future is $12.50 a month. We think it's a bargain.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Conn. 06852

I'd like to sponsor an American Indian child. Enclosed is my first payment of:
☐ $12.50 monthly ☐ $ 75 semi-annually
☐ $37.50 quarterly ☐ $150 annually

I can't undertake a sponsorship but I'd like to help. Enclosed is $________.

Name________________________

Address________________________

City____________State________Zip #______

Contributions are U.S. income tax deductible.
National Sponsors — Faith Baldwin, Mrs. James Bryant Conant, Joan Crawford, Hon. James A. Farley, Jerry Lewis, Frank Sinatra, Mrs. Earl Warren. (partial list)
NY-12-25-5

What's so different about Merrill Lynch?

The other day we sat around talking about it.

Size? Yes. We do have more offices than any other broker—but most times investors only deal with one office anyway. So what difference does that make?

Facilities? Each of our offices is equipped with the finest we can provide for serving investors—but so are the offices of any number of other member firms.

Personnel? People are people. Some good. Some not so good. Hard to claim an edge there—except we do think our Training School does a whale of a job in picking good men and giving them a solid grounding in the fundamentals of the business.

How about attitude? Now maybe we're getting somewhere. All of us at Merrill Lynch are guided by the basic precept that our customers' interest must always come first—or they don't come back.

Just how do we translate that precept into action?

In a variety of ways. For instance, whenever we issue a printed report on any company we show the general extent of our officers' interest in the securities of that company—so the customer can judge for himself the extent of possible bias.

Again, when our Research Division issues a report on a company, no officer or employee may act on that information and buy or sell the stock for 48 hours after the report appears.

There are many other ways in which we act to protect the customers' interest, but most important of all is the special consideration we try to give to each and every customer's individual problem.

If you'll come in and talk to us about your situation, if you'll tell us just what you're hoping to achieve with your investment dollars, we'll be happy to put that principle into practice and let you decide what—if anything—is so different about Merrill Lynch.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

lo, assigned to homicide; one of the youngest and, God knows why, most envied officials of the detective section: ubiquitous as the occasion required, omnipresent in all tenebrous matters. Of medium height, rather rotund as to physique, or perhaps a bit squat, with black hair, thick and curly, which sprang forth from his forehead at the halfway point, as if to shelter his two metaphysical knobs from the fine Italian sun, he had a somnolent look, a heavy, lumbering walk, a slightly dull manner, like a person fighting a laborious digestion. . . .

The intellectual content of the book is not impressive. In line of duty, Don Ciccio, the dumb cop, finds himself called upon to track down the murderer of a wealthy acquaintance, Signora Liliana Balducci, an apparent model of middle-class respectability who has been found in her dining room with her throat cut. Don Ciccio, as a servant of the law, immediately assumes that she is the innocent victim of an evil action, and sets out to find a bad man to punish for the crime. This propels him on a journey of discovery in the Pirandello country where everything is relative and there can be no absolutes. In the course of the hunt, Don Ciccio is intensely surprised to learn that Signora Balducci, led by a craving for sensual satisfaction that she was denied in her marriage into an affair with a young man of the people, went more than halfway to meet the evil that destroyed her. We are apparently asked to believe that the revelation of this secret would come as a hammer blow to a Roman detective. But if an exceedingly banal and bourgeois mind is to be discerned at no great depth beneath the surface of Gadda's work, there is as little reason for that to trouble the prospective reader as there is for a skater to be concerned about the potability of the water under the ice on a pond. Gadda's surface will do. His broad caricature of a routine police investigation is funny in itself, and even though his bourgeois hypocrites and—naturally—straightforward crooks are stereotypes who have done yeoman service in a hundred Italian movies, few writers have found such pungent lines for them. Whatever other claims may be made for it, there can be no doubt that the book is a thoroughly satisfactory piece of light entertainment.

—ANTHONY WEST

•

7. Every KLM plane carries a kit of spare parts. A thoughtful precaution. It can help avoid delays en route.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

Up we go!

IS RAIN THE RUINATION OF A SUEDE COAT?

Write for "Mary Had A Little Suede," a charming little booklet that makes suede care no-care. Free from Highlander, the fashionables who make all those fabulous suede coats, suits and sporting things. Write Highlander, Dept. B, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018.

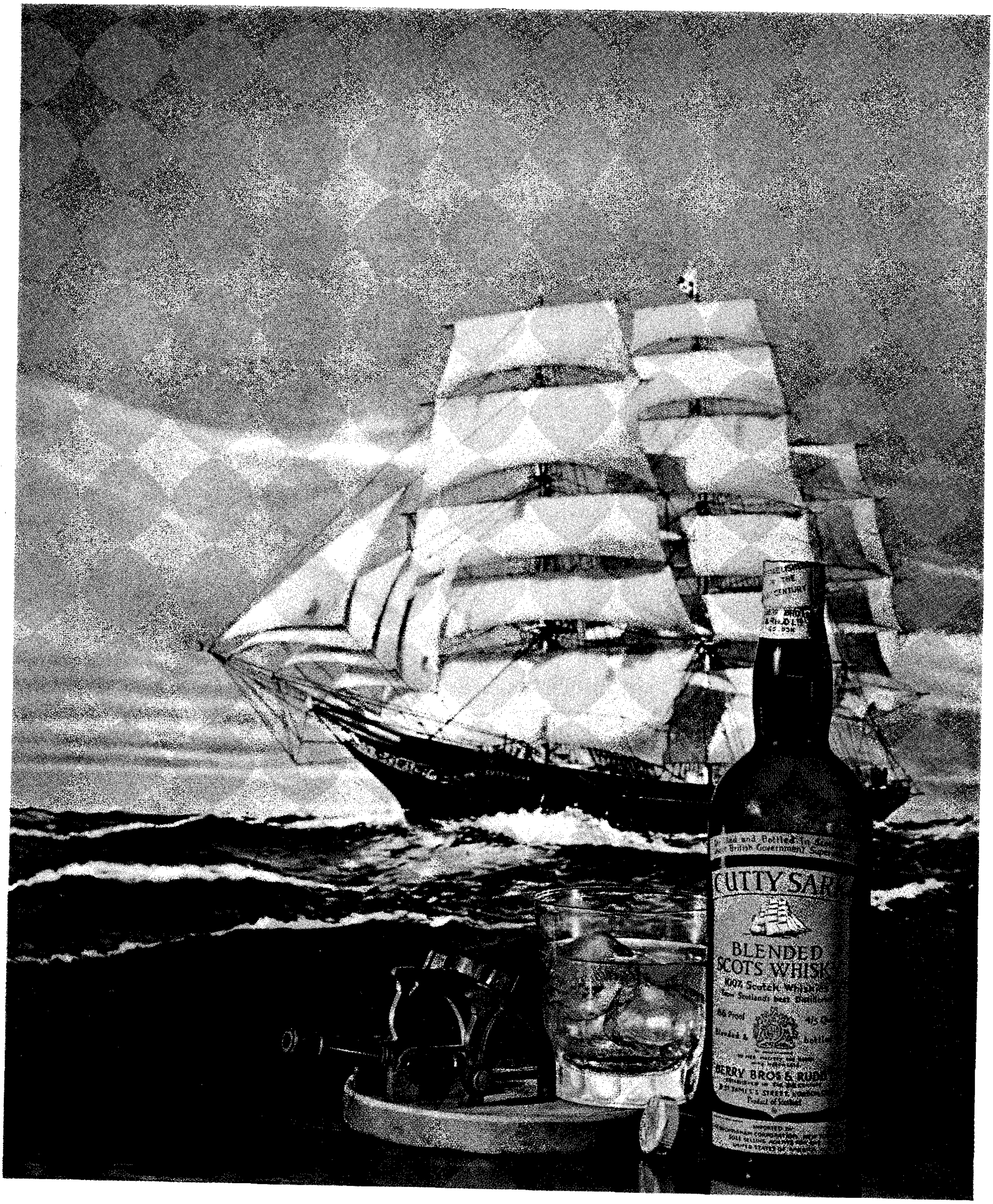
A welcome winter fire will be blazing on the hearth when you come back from Badger Pass. And, whether you ski or just watch the skiers on the deeply covered slopes, you will be eager for the greeting planned by the chefs at

THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE

Write us at YOSEMITE NAT'L PARK, CALIF. for brochure

RIZZOLI
International Bookstore
Peter Novelli, Director
Books • Periodicals • Records • Objets d'Art
from around the world
712 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 • 245-0400
Open six days a week until midnight

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY)
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.


CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
BERRY BROS & RUDD

With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

LIGHTFOOT—
Soapmakers and Perfumers,
200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York

Royal Oak
SCENTED
LOTION
FOR MEN

Give him Royal Oak

the new long-lasting masculine fragrance that speaks for itself.

Available in fine stores.

Scented Lotion, $3 & $5 . . . Deodorant Stick, $2 . . . Soap on Cord, $2 . . . Set of 3 bars, $3 . . . Gift Set (Soap & Lotion) $5.